Rev. 01/13/86 (Pink)
Rev. 01/15/86 (Blue)
Rev. 01/24/86 (Yellow)
Rev. 02/04/86 (Green)
Rev. 02/05/86 (Gold)
Rev. 02/10/86 (Buff)
Rev. 02/11/86 (Salmon)
Rev. 02/26/86 (Cherry)

DEADLY FRIEND

Screenplay

by

Bruce Joel Rubin

Based on the Novel

by

Diana Henstell

THIRD DRAFT

December 26, 1985

FADE IN:

1 INT. BACK OF V.W. VAN 1

TITLES OVER over a MOVING POV of an interstate highway. The rolling countryside passing by the window is distorted, viewed THROUGH an electronic heat-sensing device. The radiating emissions give the scenery an other-worldly look. The CAMERA begins a SLOW PAN LEFT, gradually REVEALING the driver, a WOMAN, and her passenger, a young TEENAGER, FROM the BACKS of their heads. The boy's head is alive with heat activity and full of changing color. The CAMERA ZOOMS INTO the colors radiating from the boy's head. They ENGULF the SCREEN. Suddenly, the boy turns and we see his eyes, his nose, his mouth, like an expressionist painting, a study in brilliant hues. He looks right INTO the CAMERA.

PAUL (TEENAGER)
How you doin' there, B.B.? Havin' fun?

There is no response. The CAMERA PANS LEFT, 180 degrees, TURNING to look out the rear window. The road rushes into the distance. High in the sky, amber clouds blot out a turquoise sun.

2 CRANE SHOT OF VAN 2

Speeding down an empty highway. The image is normal now, the hills dark green, the sky a steel gray. We miss the color.

3 INT. VAN - DAY 3

Jeannie Conway, an attractive woman in her mid-thirties, is sitting in the driver's seat. She seems road-weary, but there is a sparkle in her eyes that suggests warmth and vitality in reserve. Next to her, in the passenger seat, is her son Paul, 15, a handsome boy with strong features. He is busy reading.

4 CLOSEUP - SOPHISTICATED MATHEMATICS JOURNAL 4

Paul traces a complex mathematical equation with his pencil and jots down even more complex notations in the margins.

5 WIDER ANGLE 5

He seems deeply absorbed by it. Suddenly, a road map is shoved across the page. Paul looks up.

JEANNIE (WOMAN)
I think we're lost. I think we passed it.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

Paul, annoyed, glances at the map and shakes his head.

PAUL
Mom, we've still got about twelve miles. Look, you've got to trust your navigator. I promise, I'll tell you when to turn.

JEANNIE
How can you trust a navigator who hasn't looked up in ten minutes?

PAUL
I can see the odometer.
(smiles)
You just want company, huh?

Paul smiles at his mother. It is an engaging smile, warm and infectious. She smiles back at him. Paul stiffens.

PAUL
Yikes! Turn here!

6 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 6

The VAN SCREECHES as Jeannie brakes and swerves onto the exit ramp. The van turns onto a four-lane road. A large signs says "WELCOME TO WELLING, HOME OF WESTERN POLYTECHNIC." Jeannie looks at Paul and smiles.

TITLES END.

6A EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY 6A

The van drives through a small "Main Street" area and turns onto a quiet, tree-lined residential street.

7 INT. VAN - DAY 7

Paul turns excitedly toward the back seat and speaks INTO the CAMERA.

PAUL
B.B., we're here!

8 HIGH ANGLE POV SHOT OF PAUL AND JEANNIE 8

As seen THROUGH THE window across the street. They are standing in front of a quaint old house on a treelined street.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 8

JEANNIE
(looking at a slip of paper)
109 Merkle. This is it.

Suddenly, an old woman's hand ENTERS the FRAME and pulls a lace curtain closed.

9 EXT. FRONT YARD - JEANNIE - DAY 9

Jeannie and Paul stare at their new house. Jeannie, pleased with what she sees, heads to the house. Paul stays, taking it all in. He sees a faint figure backing from view in the window across the street, hears what sounds like an empty beer CAN HIT linoleum in the house next door.

JEANNIE
(calling from porch)
Come on, guys!

Paul turns to the van.

PAUL
Okay, B.B., up and at 'em. *

No one responds from the van. Paul aims a remote device into the van, and is answered by a HIGH PITCHED ELECTRONIC sound from inside.

B.B. (V.O.)
Bee Bee, Bee Bee, Bee Bee.

PAUL
I knew you'd be excited.

An ELECTRONIC WHIRR can be heard as Paul slides a ramp out from under the van's door.

PAUL
Okay. All set.

10 ANGLE - DARKNESS INSIDE VAN 10

Slowly, a four-foot assemblage of high-tech machinery rolls into the daylight and heads down the ramp. It is a robot. B.B. is a fascinating amalgamation of electronic circuitry and used machine parts. He is obviously a homemade device, but a strikingly sophisticated one. And he is certainly alive to Paul.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

PAUL
Okay, B.B., follow me. And watch where you're going. We've got a whole new world for you to learn.

Paul heads toward the house with B.B. CHIRPING happily behind him.

11 ANGLE - NEWSPAPER BOY 11

Bicycling past the house. The CAMERA TRACKS WITH him as he spots the robot. CRASH! The boy hits the curb and flies onto the grass. Paul sees him and goes running. B.B. follows right behind. *

12 NEWSPAPER BOY'S POV 12

as he looks up and sees B.B. standing over him.

13 ANOTHER ANGLE 13

He sits up quickly.

TOM (NEWSPAPER BOY)
What the hell is that?

PAUL
His name's B.B. Hey, are you all right?

TOM
All right? Yeah, sure.
(still staring at B.B.)
Is he for real? Where'd you get him?

PAUL
I made him. You can shake hands if you want. What's your name?

TOM
Tom.

PAUL
B.B., this is Tom.

B.B. raises his right hand as Tom stares at him, amazed.

B.B.
Bee Bee.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

PAUL
(to Tom)
Go on, it's okay.

TOM
I don't believe this.

He extends his hand. B.B.'s fingers close around it in a firm grip and shake. Then, with unexpected strength, B.B. pulls at Tom's hand and raises him to a standing position. Tom is flabbergasted.

TOM
Wow -- that's incredible. What is he, programmed to do that?

PAUL
(sizing Tom up)
Yeah, basically.
(smiles)
You know anything about artificial intelligence?

It's obvious he doesn't.

PAUL
You see, it's like I develop the basic programs and then he sort of makes up his own mind after that.

TOM
(confirming)
His mind.

Paul nods matter-of-factly and pulls a small board from the back of B.B.'s head. The robot instantly slumps into lifelessness. Paul holds the board close for Tom to see. In its center is a gleaming gold and silver chip.

PAUL
This is his brain. Nothing like ours, of course, but it thinks and plans. He's always learning.

He shoves the board back into B.B. The robot jerks to life again, twisting around to give Paul a strange, almost comical, look. Paul grins.

PAUL
He's full of surprises. I'm constantly upgrading him so you never know for sure what he's gonna do.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2) 13

TOM
You must be a genius or something.

PAUL
(shrugging)
I'm just interested in a lot of stuff, that's all.

Tom eyes him curiously. Next moment his attention is diverted by a SHRILL VOICE cutting through the air.

ELVIRA (O.S.)
Boy! You... Boy!

14 NEW ANGLE 14

Tom and Paul turn to look at ELVIRA PARKER, a crochety old woman standing on the front porch of a house across the street. *

TOM
(glancing at his watch)
Oh shit!

ELVIRA
Where's my paper?

TOM
I'm coming, Mrs. Parker. *

ELVIRA
You're over twenty minutes late. This is the last time, you hear! I called your supervisor. You're in for it now.

She turns angrily and walks back into the house.

TOM
(mumbling under his breath)
The old witch!
(turns to Paul)
Anyway, maybe I'll see you in school. You in tenth grade?

PAUL
Not really. Actually, I'm on a scholarship at Polytech.

TOM
Well... whatever.
(starts to ride off and turns back)
So long, B.B.

15 B.B.'S LIGHTS 15

flash as he waves goodbye. Paul reaches down, takes his hand, and they walk toward the house.

16 INT. FOYER - DAY 16

Paul enters puffing, followed by B.B., who moves on towards the living room to explore, as Jeannie enters from another doorway.

PAUL
First thing, we gotta build a ramp for B.B. to get up those stairs.

Jeannie holds up a bottle of champagne.

JEANNIE
From Doctor Johanson. This place is twice as big as our apartment was.
(looks around)
Where's B.B.?

PAUL
He needs to recharge his batteries.

JEANNIE
It's been a long trip.

Paul heads up the stairs.

PAUL
I told him to charge before we left. But noooo.

17 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 17

The place is a jumble of moving cartons and unplaced furniture. B.B. searches through this, bumping into things, BEEPING in frustration. He rolls up to an upright piano, staring at it, cocking his head. Then he reaches out, grasps it by a corner and flings it across the room. His strength is immense. What's revealed is a wall plug. B.B. rolls over to it, BEEPING happily now.

18 CLOSER 18

as B.B. takes hold of a retractable cord housed near his wheels and plugs it into the wall with impressive skill.

19 WIDER 19

as B.B. gives an audible sigh and sinks down with evident pleasure.

20 OMITTED 20

21 INT. PAUL'S ROOM - DAY 21

Paul comes down the hallway and enters the room. He glances around, checking out the room, and in so doing checks the view from the windows. There he freezes.

PAUL
(breathless)
Oh, God!

21A OMITTED 21A
& &
21B 21B

22 ANGLE - WINDOW 22

Across the way, beside the house next door, is the most beautiful GIRL he has ever seen. She is about sixteen, blonde, virginal, angelic. She unloads a bag of groceries from her bike and heads into her house. Paul can hardly breathe. Puberty has hit him hard and such unexpected sights are almost more than he can bear. His eyes impale themselves on her soft, pointed breasts. Jeannie's voice is heard over the image.

JEANNIE (O.S.)
So, what do you think?

Paul turns to his mother. There is a huge grin on his face.

PAUL
I think... I'm gonna like it here.

23 OMITTED 23

24 JEANNIE, PAUL AND B.B. 24

Walking across a large campus. Curious students turn to watch.

25 OMITTED 25

25A INT. UNIVERSITY COLONADE - DAY 25A

Jeannie, Paul and B.B. amble down a long outdoor colonade. Students step out of their way. One student, oblivious to B.B., nearly falls over him. B.B. gives him a dirty look.

DR. JOHANSON (O.S.)
Paul!

Paul turns around. DR. JOHANSON, 53, is running toward them. He is dressed in a lab coat. Paul smiles.

PAUL
Dr. Johanson.

DR. JOHANSON
Paul, Jeannie. Hi. Welcome. Welcome to Polytech. Right on time! It's so good to see you. Hi there, B.B.

B.B.'s lights flash as his hand reaches out to shake. Dr. Johanson smiles.

DR. JOHANSON
He keeps getting smarter.

PAUL
I keep at him.

Dr. Johanson smiles and pats Paul on the shoulder.

DR. JOHANSON
I bet you do.
(pause)
So, I hear Harvard and M.I.T. upped the ante. I told you, didn't I? Everyone wants a part of you, Paul.

PAUL
All those guys care about is artificial intelligence. The real work's here, what you're doing, the human brain. *

(CONTINUED)

25A CONTINUED: 25A

Dr. Johanson smiles warmly. Paul smiles in return.

DR. JOHANSON
Come on, I want to show you something.

26 INT. PAUL'S LAB - DAY 26

Dr. Johanson escorts Paul, Jeannie, and B.B. into a well-equipped high-tech laboratory.

DR. JOHANSON
This is it. Your new lab, all ready to go.

Paul stares at the room with wide-eyed excitement.

DR. JOHANSON
We've installed a tie-in to the mainframe so you'll have as much computer power as you could ever want.

Paul and Jeannie are speechless.

DR. JOHANSON
(to Jeannie)
Oh, and Chancellor Bruckner says that position in his office is still waiting for you.

JEANNIE
Dr. Johanson, I don't know what to say. Everything's going so well -- Scholarships, jobs, the house, even champagne -- my knuckles are raw from knocking on wood.

DR. JOHANSON
Out and out bribery. You don't think I'd let a kid like this get away, do you?

Paul grins.

27 OMITTED 27 *

28 EXT. CONWAY BACKYARD - B.B. - DAY 28

A lawn mower before him, as he trundles up and down the tiny patch of grass. Paul walks over to a wooden tool shed attached to the garage.

29 INT. TOOL SHED - DAY 29

Exploring the ramshackle structure. It is filled with rusted tools and an old work bench. A tiny door at the back of the shed connects it to the garage proper. He shoves it open and steps inside.

29A INT. GARAGE - DAY 29A

It is dark and musty and full of old furniture. He makes his way to the far end, where two large, windowed doors face the driveway. He looks casually out the window, and freezes.

30 HIS POV 30

The Girl next door dumping a container of what look to be cinders into a gabage can by her back porch.

31 BACK TO SCENE 31

Paul gasps and steps back. She seems even more beautiful up close. The Girl notices B.B. Full of curiosity, she crosses over to the fence.

GIRL
(to B.B.)
Hello there. Who are you?

Paul backs against the wall. The sound of the LAWN MOWER STOPS. Paul stands breathlessly as B.B. unexpectedly approaches the Girl.

GIRL
What's your name?

B.B.
Bee Bee.

Paul watches as B.B. raises his hand to shake. The Girl laughs and takes it.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

GIRL
This is great! Who's doing this?
(calls out)
Anybody there? Who's running this?

Paul, sweating, takes a deep breath and emerges from the garage. The Girl sees him and smiles.

PAUL
Hi. He's mine. But nobody's running him. He does it himself.

Paul stops. Looking closely at the Girl, he notices that her arm is badly bruised. The sight of it catches him off guard. He stumbles.

PAUL
He's... pretty smart. You can tell. He... likes you.

GIRL
(grinning at the off-handed compliment)
He's cute. Does he do laundry, too?
(smiles)
I'm just joking. My name's Sam. Samantha, you know. What's yours?

PAUL
(nearly forgetting)
... Ah, um, Paul.

SAM (GIRL)
(aware of his shyness)
Nice to meet you. You're our new neighbors, huh?

Paul nods, a sheepish grin on his face.

SAM
You like your new house?

PAUL
Sort of. It's okay.

SAM
I hear it's nice.

PAUL
(seeing an opportunity)
Oh, it is nice. It really is.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2) 31

SAM
Maybe I'll come over sometime?

Paul is taken aback by her forwardness.

PAUL
Great. Sure. You can even come now.

SAM
Well, no, I can't... right now.

PAUL
How 'bout when you're done? Have a drink. We've got Coke, Pepsi.

She doesn't respond.

PAUL
Diet and regular.

She smiles, enjoying Paul's persistence. Suddenly, a thin, intense man appears on her back porch. Paul doesn't see him. Sam tenses.

SAM
I'm sorry. I gotta go.

PAUL
How 'bout tea? I can make tea.

SAM
You're sweet. I'll see. Maybe later.

Sam runs into her house. Paul stands there a moment, kicking himself.

PAUL
I can't believe I said 'tea.'

32 INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - DAY 32 *

Paul peers out his window towards Sam's house, then lets * the curtains close. He goes to the mirror on his dresser * and peers at his image critically, as if for the first * time. Just at that moment the DOORBELL RINGS downstairs. * Paul freezes. A moment later his mother's voice floats up. *

JEANNIE (O.S.)
Paul, you have a visitor.

Paul grabs his brush and frantically tries to reorder his * hair, stuffs in his shirt, straightens his pants, then * looks at himself again. He flings down the brush. *

33 INT. CONWAY FRONT HALL - DAY 33

The CAMERA HOLDS ON Paul as he speeds to the door. He is all smiles. Suddenly, however, the smile disappears and a wave of disappointment overwhelms his face.

PAUL
Tom.

TOM
Hi. I was doing my route and thought maybe you'd like to come.

PAUL
Actually I'm kinda busy right now.

TOM
Okay, just checking. Thought you might want to recon the neighborhood.

He turns to leave. Jeannie, standing by the door, gives Paul a shove, encouraging him to go. Paul rolls his eyes.

PAUL
Sure. Hell, why not?

34 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - ANGLE ON TOM, PAUL AND B.B. - DAY 34

heading down the block. Paul stares wistfully as they pass Sam's house. She is nowhere to be seen.

PAUL
What do you know about the people next door to me?

TOM
Sam? Great tits.

PAUL
(smiling)
You're telling me.

TOM
Forget it though. Her father'll kill you if you get within ten feet.

PAUL
Her father?

TOM
He's a crazy man.

35 EXT. ELVIRA'S HOUSE - DAY 35

Tom stops his bike in front of Elvira Parker's home. The house is surrounded by a chain-link fence with a combination padlock on the gate. *

TOM
Welcome to the fortress.

He takes the rolled up paper and tosses it like a hand grenade. It lands right on her porch.

TOM
I like to think of it as a bomb. Baroomm!! One day I'm gonna crack that combination, walk up, and hand her the paper. Probably scare her to death, she's so paranoid.

PAUL
B.B. could crack that lock in a minute.

TOM
You're kidding.

PAUL
What makes you think I'm kidding? B.B.'s smart.

Suddenly Elvira appears at the front door.

ELVIRA
Who's out there? What are you doing?

TOM
It's just me, Mrs. Parker. *

ELVIRA
(spotting B.B.)
What is that? You get that thing away from my house.

She steps back into the foyer and re-emerges with a double barrelled shotgun.

PAUL
Jesus!

TOM
Don't let her scare you.
(calling out)
It's only a robot, Mrs. Parker. *
He's your new neighbor.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2) 35

TOM (CONT'D)
(to Paul)
She's waved that at me a million times.

ELVIRA
You get away from here or I'll blow your heads off.

TOM
Okay, we're going. We're going. Just remember I have to collect tomorrow.

PAUL
That must be fun.

TOM
A blast.

Paul smiles.

36 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - DAY 36

Tom and Paul cut across the street and through two yards to deliver the next paper. B.B. tags along behind, BEEPING all the way. He seems very happy.

TOM
My dad's spent his whole life in this town. Scary, huh?

PAUL
What does he do?

TOM
Security guard over at the university hospital. It's not bad. He's got keys to everything, the university gym, weight room. We use the pool sometimes late at night.

Abruptly he freezes and turns the other way.

TOM
Oh, shit!

Paul stares at Tom and then glances back down the street. A group of black leather jacket motorcyclists is heading toward them. Tom looks frightened, but motions for Paul to keep walking with him. The gang pulls alongside them. CARL DENTON, an imposing 18-year-old, calls out to Tom.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 36

CARL
Who's your friend, creep?

Tom doesn't answer.

CARL
Hey, I'm talking to you, dick face.

The boys keep walking. Carl jumps off his bike. Tom tenses. A huge fist shoves him in the hollow of his back. He flies forward, barely catching his balance. The bikers laugh.

TOM
(holding back tears)
Quit it. Leave us alone.

CARL
I said who's your friend?

PAUL
My name's Paul.

CARL
Not you, dork.
(points at B.B. and then calls to the other bikers)
Hey, come here, look at this thing.

The bikers dismount and surround Paul and his robot. Carl begins banging on B.B.'s metal shell.

PAUL
Don't do that.

CARL
Who's gonna stop me? Anyone got a can opener?

He laughs. One of the gang members pulls one from his pocket and tosses it to him.

PAUL
Don't!!!

Carl pushes Paul to the ground. Several bikers grab him. Suddenly B.B. spins around and charges at Carl. Carl, surprised, reaches out and holds B.B. at bay.

PAUL
Careful. He'll hurt you.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2) 36

CARL
(laughing)
Who, this garbage can?

Without warning, B.B.'s claw-like hand shoots out and grabs Carl right between the legs. Carl's face turns white, his eyes bulge.

PAUL
He can crush you if he wants. He's got three multi-valve compressors. Tell them to leave.

Several gang members rush toward him. Carl, doubled over, yells to his gang.

CARL
Get away.
(as the gang retreats)
Let me go.

PAUL
Okay, B.B. Let go.

B.B.'s claw opens and Carl drops to the ground. Tom watches with obvious pleasure as Carl creeps back to his bike. The gang observes Carl's humiliation with great discomfort and before he is even on his motorcycle they take off in a LOUD ROAR, leaving him in their wake. Carl turns angrily to Paul and Tom.

CARL
You fuckers!

Pissed, Carl jumps up as though to fight again. Instantly, B.B. WHIRS around, and Carl jumps back.

PAUL
Watch out! He's programmed to kill.

Tom's eyes widen. Carl stares at the three of them with an icy glare, carefully mounts his motorcycle, and speeds away. Tom sits down beside his bike. Paul sits beside him. They are shaken. B.B. glides over and snuggles up to them both.

PAUL
You know those guys?

TOM
Used to go to my school. They like to bug me once in a while.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3) 36

TOM (CONT'D)
(staring at B.B. with new admiration)
Hey, he was great. How'd he know what to do? To defend you like that?

PAUL
(amazed himself)
I don't know.

TOM
(not believing him)
Is he really programmed to kill?

Paul shakes his head "no" and smiles.

PAUL
But sounds good, huh?

Tom laughs and puts his hand on Paul's shoulder. B.B. rolls over to them. They are becoming friends.

37 INT. CONWAY KITCHEN - NIGHT 37

Jeannie and Paul are sitting around the table finishing dinner. Paul is quiet and withdrawn.

JEANNIE
Well, look, there's a bad apple in every barrel, right? One bully shouldn't have to spoil a whole town.
(offers him a box of cookies)
Sure you don't want one of these?

PAUL
I hate those.

The sound of the DOORBELL jars the silence. Paul sits up with a start.

JEANNIE
You wanna get it?

Paul hesitates and then goes for the door.

38 INT. CONWAY ENTRANCEWAY - NIGHT 38

The door opening. Sam is standing there wearing a print dress with long sleeves. She smiles so warmly that Paul nearly melts on the spot.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (A1) 38

SAM
Hi. I thought I'd come by... Look, if you're busy, if you're still eating... I can come back.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

PAUL
Oh, no, no. We're done. We're just... done. Come on in.

SAM
I wanted to bake something, but I couldn't...
(pause)
... I just brought these.

She displays a box of store-bought cookies.

PAUL
Oh, I love those. I just love them. Come on in. Come on in.

39 INT. CONWAY KITCHEN - NIGHT 39

Paul escorts Sam into the kitchen. Jeannie stands.

PAUL
Mom, this is Sam, Samantha, from next door. Look what she brought. My favorite. This is my mom. Why don't you sit down?

JEANNIE
Hi. It's a pleasure.

B.B. is standing motionless in the corner. Paul grabs a remote control unit and instantly B.B. COMES ALIVE.

PAUL
B.B., look who's here.

B.B.'s heat sensors scan right and focus on Sam. Suddenly he seems as excited as Paul. He rolls right over to her, ready to shake hands.

B.B.
Bee bee. Bee bee. Bee bee.

Sam laughs and gives B.B. a kiss. Paul watches, enviously.

40 INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 40

It's not yet fully unpacked, but it's obvious from the objects in disarray that he's interested in everything -- dinosaurs, spaceships, computers, model cars. Posters are everywhere, even on the ceiling. Books cover every other available surface. PAUL and SAM'S VOICES can be heard O.S. as CAMERA ESTABLISHES the room. *

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 40

SAM (O.S.)
This house is so much brighter than ours... what's down there?

PAUL (O.S.)
Oh, that's my room... you don't...

A moment later Sam enters, followed by Paul. She looks around at all the things and laughs in delight.

SAM
This looks like the science lab at school!

Paul grins.

PAUL
You're the first girl I've ever had in my room.

Sam eyes him. Grins.

SAM
I bet you tell all the girls that.

Before the nonplussed Paul can protest, she's stuck her head into his closet.

SAM
What's up here?

40A INT. ATTIC - NIGHT 40A

ANGLE DOWN the stairs TO Paul's closet. Paul's head joins Sam's looking up.

PAUL
I dunno... the attic, I guess.

SAM
Let's check it out!

She heads up. Paul shrugs and follows. Sam pokes around the junk left behind by some previous tenant. An old tennis racquet. A bird cage. A trunk.

40B CLOSE ANGLE ON TRUNK 40B

Sam finds a white dress in the trunk -- pulls it out and holds it up to her. It's a white, long, flowing dress, and as she holds it up to her body and goes into a spinning waltz, she looks absolutely beautiful in a whole new way.

40C ANGLE NEAR FRONT WINDOW OF ATTIC 40C *

Sam freezes. Something has caught her eye. She drops the dress. *

SAM *
Oh, shit. *

She turns and bolts for the stairs, leaving Paul in astonished confusion. *

41 INT. CONWAY ENTRANCEWAY - JEANNIE - NIGHT 41

Opening the door. HARRY PRINGLE, Sam's father, is standing there. He appears drunk, but in control. Jeannie is uncomfortable.

HARRY
Hello. I'm looking for my daughter. I'm from next door. Did she come here?

Before Jeannie can even say a word, we hear SAM RUNNING DOWN the stairs.

SAM
(whimpering)
It's all right. We were studying. We were just studying.

She looks terribly embarrassed while trying desperately to maintain her poise.

HARRY
You didn't say nothin' 'bout goin' out.

SAM
You were sleeping. I didn't think you'd mind.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

Harry glances icily at his daughter.

HARRY
Tell these people you're sorry for bothering them.

JEANNIE
Oh, but she wasn't...

SAM
(head bowed)
I'm sorry.

Harry takes Sam by the hand and leads her to the front door. He looks back at Jeannie.

HARRY
This won't happen no more.

Sam closes the door as they leave. Paul and Jeannie just stand there. And then we hear a LOUD WHACK. Paul glances at Jeannie, not sure what he has heard. He grabs for the door. Jeannie holds him back.

42 thru 47 OMITTED 42 thru 47 *

48 PAUL AND SAM 48

Sitting in her front yard. Nearly all the cookies are gone. Sam is holding her stomach. *

SAM
Those were good.

PAUL
An easy recipe.
(he smiles; as she looks at him and then looks away)
I'm sorry about the other night.

SAM
It's all right. He gets that way.

PAUL
Where's your mother? Is she around?

SAM
Not around here.

She doesn't seem open to saying any more.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

PAUL
Sorry, I didn't mean to pry.

SAM
Oh, it's okay.
(pause)
I really don't know where she is.
I haven't for years.

PAUL
And what about him? Is he always?

He searches for a word.

SAM
He drinks a lot, if that's what you mean.
(pause)
He misses her.

PAUL
Do you?

She looks away. It takes her a while to respond.

SAM
You wanna know the truth?
(as he nods)
I hate her... 'cause she left me ... with him. It's like I was a dog or something. No, if I was a dog, she would have taken me with her. She liked dogs.
(pause)
I hate her like poison.

Paul is surprised by Sam's sudden truthfulness and anger. He wants to say something, but doesn't know what. After a moment, he simply reaches out and touches her hand. They sit quietly.

PAUL
My father left when I was six. Because of me. I was too much for him. My mother denies it, but I know it's true. She devoted all her time to me. He didn't have a chance.

SAM
(looking at him compassionately)
You can't say that. You never know why they leave.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2) 48

PAUL
Yes, you do.

The remark strikes Sam deeply. After a moment, Sam reaches over and squeezes Paul's hand. Paul looks up in surprise. Sam takes her hand back, then smiles.

49 OMITTED 49 *

49A INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - DAY 49A

Impressive complex equations are being scribbled at rapid speed on a large blackboard. Students are watching and taking notes. They seem fascinated. The CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM the blackboard REVEALING that it is Paul doing the writing. He seems to be virtually bursting with ideas. Dr. Johanson is sitting at the back of the room. He seems awed.

50 EXT. PAUL'S BACKYARD - DAY 50

B.B. is hanging up laundry as Sam and Paul lounge on the grass, picking clover and talking nonstop. The MUSIC CONTINUES as we --

51 EXT. PAUL'S DRIVEWAY - DAY 51

B.B., Paul, Sam and Tom are playing basketball. B.B.'s game is laughable and Paul's is not much better. At one point, B.B. tries for a basket and misses. Suddenly we see him really angry and frustrated. With a move of surprising strength, he wheels and whacks the ball so hard the thing takes off like a cannon ball.

PAUL
B.B.!

TOM
Holy -- !

51A ANGLE ON BALL 51A

as it arcs high over the street and on into Elvira's territory, caroming off her front door, ricochetting around her porch and coming to rest in her front yard. It is well out of reach.

51B BACK ON KIDS 51B

They are astonished at B.B.'s strength and dismayed by the situation.

SAM
Oh, boy...

TOM
We gotta get it.

PAUL
(summoning up all their courage)
Okay. Let's go.

51C ANGLE FROM ELVIRA'S YARD 51C

THROUGH the fence, as the kids approach, like soldiers in a mine field. The CAMERA CRANES DOWN to reveal the ball in the foreground. The kids stop at the fence, their fingers lacing through its steel web.

TOM
I don't know.

SAM
I can do it.

PAUL
No. I'll get it.

He starts to climb. At that very instant the door to Elvira's house bursts open and the old woman darts out onto her front porch like a black widow from the cone of her web. She is quick and terrifying.

ELVIRA
What the hell do you think you're doing?

Paul loses his grip and goes crashing to the sidewalk.

TOM
Nothing.

With a quickness frightening for her age, Elvira darts for the ball, snaps it up in her arms, and heads back to the porch.

PAUL
Hey -- you can't do that!

Elvira climbs the steps, flings the ball into the darkness of her house, and turns around.

ELVIRA
Oh yes I can. My property. My house. My ball.

She backs into her house and slams the door.

TOM
What a witch!

SAM
Really. The pits.

They turn away reluctantly. Halfway across the street Paul stops and looks back. B.B. is still there, staring at the house.

(CONTINUED)

51C CONTINUED: 51C

PAUL
Come on, B.B.. There's nothing we can do.
(louder)
B.B.!

After a beat, the robot spins around and rolls back to the kids, his voice so low it's almost a growl.

B.B.
Bee Bee. Bee Bee...

52 OMITTED 52

53 INT. PAUL'S LAB - DAY 53

Metallic instruments probe the lining of an exposed brain. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a multitude of wires running from the brain to a collection of computers and printout machines. And too, we see the brain is part of a complete cadaver. Dr. Johanson is instructing Paul.

DR. JOHANSON
(working nearby)
As soon as you finish that, I want you to trace the cortical motor pathway.

Paul, working very quickly, hardly takes time to look up.

PAUL
Already did that.

Dr. Johanson turns in surprise and comes over.

DR. JOHANSON
You already did it?

Paul taps a nearby computer CRT.

PAUL
Sure, it runs from the cortex through the substantia nigra to the medulla oblongata. But look at this.

Paul does something within the brain and the computer responds with a burst of activity. Next moment, the foot of the cadaver rotates sharply, tapping Johanson's hand. He jumps back, startled. Dr. Johanson appears to be astonished.

DR. JOHANSON
What the hell is that?!
(looking closer)
How'd you do that?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

PAUL
(laughs)
I hooked it up to a new circuit I set up for B.B., and all of a sudden it started showing animation.

DR. JOHANSON
That's... incredible.

Dr. Johanson steps back and looks at his young charge.

PAUL
It's still the first inning and it's only a base hit. We've got a whole ball game here.

Dr. Johanson smiles, deeply impressed.

54 OMITTED 54

55 INT. CONWAY KITCHEN - NIGHT 55

Jeannie is carving a Halloween pumpkin. Paul is helping her.

JEANNIE
Doctor Johanson tells me things are really coming along on your project. There's been a lot of growth, maturing.

Paul looks up and grins impishly.

PAUL
That's true. He's making very nice progress.

Jeannie smiles. Next moment there's a KNOCK at the back door. Sam is standing there. She has a bloody nose. Jeannie hurries to let her in.

SAM
Do you have some ice?

JEANNIE
Oh my God. Sit down. Hold your head back. Paul, get some ice. Hurry. What happened?

SAM
Nothing. I just get 'em sometimes.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 55

JEANNIE
Listen, honey, this may be butting in where I don't belong, but don't you think someone should say something, file a report...?

SAM
For what, a nosebleed? Really, I've had 'em since I was a kid. Ice'll take care of it. I just forgot to fill the tray.

JEANNIE
Sam, I don't like this.

SAM
(holding her nose)
I hate 'em.

JEANNIE
You know what I'm talking about. It's criminal. He could go to jail. I know it's none of my business...

SAM
(taking the ice and holding it over her nose)
He's my father.
(there is a long pause)
Sometimes I want to roll a truck over his face, but he's still my father.

JEANNIE
(looking at Sam with deep concern and changing the subject)
Have you eaten anything?

SAM
I cooked a dinner, if that's what you mean. But we didn't eat it. He never likes my cooking.

JEANNIE
Come on, let me fix you something.

SAM
No. That's all right. You don't have to bother.

56 SAM 56

wolfing down a plate of leftovers. Paul sits across from her, watching admiringly as she eats.

57 OMITTED 57 *

58 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - NIGHT 58

The street is filled with dark shadows, archetypal forms, running from house to house.

59 CANS OF SHAVING CREAM 59

in Sam's hands, foaming all over a car stopped at a street light. The driver jumps out yelling. A group of kids shriek and run. B.B. trails on the sidewalk behind them. One of the kids, covered with a sheet, is laughing.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 59

As the sheet flies back, we see that it is Sam. She seems to be having the time of her life. Paul, running behind her, is awestruck as he stares at her graceful form. She is a vision in the night. Even Tom seems mesmerized by her glow. Suddenly we hear a wild and frightening SCREECH of BRAKES. A blinding light silhouettes Sam and shines brightly in their eyes.

60 CARL DENTON 60

on his motorcycle, parked in front of Sam. The light from his bike blinds her. Paul and Tom freeze.

CARL
Well, Sam Pringle, how do you like that? It's been a long time.

He stares at Sam's sweaty T-shirt clinging to her breasts.

CARL
Not bad.

Sam adjusts the sheet, draping it over herself. Carl reaches out and pulls it back.

CARL
Don't go hiding yourself. Let me look at you.

SAM
Let go!

She yanks the sheet away.

CARL
Come on, baby, you've got nothing to be ashamed of.

He reaches out lewdly to cop a feel. Sam steps back. Carl gets off his bike and approaches her.

PAUL
Stay away from her.

CARL
(looking up, surprised)
Well, look who's here. This your boyfriend, Sam? This turd mean something to you?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 60

He reaches out and grabs Paul. Almost instantly, B.B. emerges from the shadow of a tree. A strange, almost comical rush of expressions surge across Carl's face as he sees B.B. rushing toward him. He is not sure what to do. But when he sees B.B.'s claw approaching, he retreats quickly to his bike. B.B. keeps coming.

CARL
You little fart!

PAUL
Get him, B.B.

Carl GUNS his BIKE and shoots off into the night. B.B. charges after him, tripping on the curb and tumbling into the street. Paul and the others rush to him, laughing.

TOM
A regular killing machine.

They lift B.B. back to his feet. Sam throws her arms around him and Paul. Paul glows at her touch.

PAUL
Come on. I've had enough already.

SAM
Me, too. Let's go.

TOM
Whatayamean? The night's not over yet.

PAUL
Sure it is. We've been everywhere.

TOM
Not everywhere.

He smiles impishly.

61 EXT. ELVIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 61

The kids gather at the gate in front of Elvira's house. The windows inside are dark and uninviting.

PAUL
We can't go in there.

TOM
Who's stopping us? Hey, B.B., come over here.

PAUL
No, he can't open that.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: 61

TOM
Whataya mean? You told me he could...

PAUL
Yeah, he can. But he's not going to.

TOM
Come on, Paul. I mean, imagine her face when she hears the doorbell. There hasn't been a kid closer than this fence in years.

PAUL
No.

TOM
She won't even know who it is. It's Halloween. Trick-or-treat.

Paul looks at Sam and then at B.B. B.B. is CHIRPING happily. His lights are flashing.

62 CLOSEUP - B.B.'S HAND 62

Reaching out to the combination lock. His metal fingers close in and take hold. Suddenly B.B.'s entire wrist begins to rotate as the combination mechanism turns. Tom watches with fascination as the rotating gains speed.

63 BACK TO SCENE 63

TOM
What's he doing?

PAUL
He's trying every possible three number combination between one and fifty. There's about 600 -- this could take all night. Look, I don't think we should...

CLICK! B.B. snaps open the lock. Paul stares in surprise.

TOM AND PAUL
Wow!

B.B.'s hand shifts gears, pulls the lock off its hasp, and flings it into the bushes. There's a peculiar intensity about his actions that is deeply disquieting to Paul.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: 63

TOM
Okay, who's gonna do it? Any volunteers?

Before anyone can say a word, B.B. pushes open the gate and rushes inside. He appears angry and strangely determined.

PAUL
B.B., wait!

Paul grabs B.B. and brings him to a halt, staring at his robot with sudden concern. He gets B.B. safely out of sight and switches him off.

SAM
I'll go.

64 SAM 64

As she makes her way through the bushes and up to the fenced porch. All eyes are on her. Quietly, her white form creeps up to the wooden bannister and begins to climb over it. Her feet are about to touch down when the porch light flashes on and a BURGLAR ALARM begins to WAIL.

65 TOM AND PAUL 65

Reacting in panic.

TOM
Jesus Christ -- run!

They run for the gate. Sam starts to jump over the bannister, but her costume gets caught on a nail, and she falls hard onto the sidewalk. It knocks the wind out of her. Without thinking, Paul dashes to help her. Tom sees the door is opening.

TOM
Get down!

He races to help, and the two boys pull Sam with them into the bushes at the side of Elvira's house. At the same time we see Paul's remote-control device fly from his pocket and strike the ground hard.

65A ANGLE ON B.B. 65A

As he suddenly comes back to life.

(CONTINUED)

65A CONTINUED: 65A

Next moment Elvira emerges from her house, her double-barrelled shotgun in her hand, her face white with rage.

ELVIRA
Who's there? Who's out there?

Paul makes the "shhh" gesture to Sam and Tom as they all cringe down, hiding. Suddenly, Paul reacts in alarm as B.B. gives a low sort of GROWL and begins to straighten. B.B.'s eyes lock angrily on the old woman and he starts to roll forward. Paul hisses in terror.

PAUL
B.B. -- stay back!

B.B. stops, wavering, looking at Paul like a well-trained Doberman torn between a direct order and a tempting fight. The old woman glares around in all directions, searching for her tormentors.

ELVIRA
I'm calling the police.

B.B.'s head snaps back in her direction. He starts to roll forward. Elvira hears him. She raises her gun.

PAUL
Oh, Jesus!

Paul grabs for his remote control, points it at B.B. and snaps it to the "off" position. Nothing happens. B.B. rolls out into the open, his arms coming up, his lights flashing. He is heading for Elvira.

B.B.
Bee bee. Bee bee. Bee bee.

Paul panics and lurches after B.B. Tom grabs him by the ankle. He struggles to free himself, but can't get loose.

SAM
She's got a gun!

A HUGE ROUND of EXPLOSIONS BLASTS across the sound system. Paul starts to scream. Tom grabs his mouth. Sam freezes. Paul's eyes widen with horror.

66 OMITTED 66

67 B.B. 67

Spinning in circles, the remains of his left arm dangling from his side.

67 CONTINUED: 67

B.B.
Bee bee. Bee bee. Bee bee.

Another ROUND of EXPLOSIONS rocks the theater.

68 B.B. (IN SUPER SLOW MOTION) 68

As his HEAT SENSORS EXPLODE and the entire top of his head flies onto the driveway. FRAGMENTS of his VOICE are heard coming from deep inside. It is a pathetic, heart-rending sound.

69 PAUL 69

Tears streaming from his eyes, as Tom and Sam both struggle to hold him down. Elvira is shoving still more shells into the smoking breech of her shotgun. She's got a whole pocket full of them! Her face is a study in maniacal hatred as she snaps the reloaded WEAPON shut and FIRES both barrels at once. A third ROUND of EXPLOSIONS shatters the night as the remains of B.B.'S BODY EXPLODE into the air. Elvira seems pleased. Her eyes shift almost imperceptibly toward the hidden kids. Then she goes back into her house and locks the door. Paul, in a wild frenzy, throws off Sam and Tom, and runs toward B.B., screaming.

PAUL
No!!!!!!

He scrambles to gather up whatever he can grab of B.B. while screaming at the top of his lungs. A flashing red light FILLS the SCREEN as the sound of a POLICE SIREN merges with Paul's cry.

70 PAUL 70

On the driveway, huddling in his mother's arms. POLICE SERGEANT VOLCHEK emerges from Elvira's home and approaches the group. He towers over them. Jeannie is livid. Volchek stoops down.

JEANNIE
Where is she? Aren't you going to bring her out here, show her what she's done?

VOLCHEK
(softly, with compassion)
She knows.

JEANNIE
She knows? She doesn't know!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: 70

JEANNIE (CONT'D)
Three years, day and night, he spent building this robot. It was his whole life.

VOLCHEK
Then why was he dragging it all over the neighborhood?

TOM
It was my fault. I told him to bring him.

Paul begins sobbing heavily. Sam looks on tearfully.

JEANNIE
It's Halloween for God's sake! What does she expect? They're kids.

VOLCHEK
You see that gate? You see that lock? Halloween or no Halloween, if you go trespassing on someone's private property, you're asking for trouble. Come on, I'll help you pick up this stuff.

PAUL
Stuff? You think he's just stuff?

Volchek gives him a helpless look, turns and walks back into the house. Paul looks down at B.B.

PAUL
(softly)
He was my friend.

Sam watches Paul with a pain in her eyes equalling his own. She reaches out for him. Suddenly there is a SCREECH of RUBBER and the ROAR of an UNMUFFLED EXHUAST. The headlight of Carl's bike blares across the driveway sending huge shadows onto Elvira's wall. The kids turn around, squinting. Jeannie is stunned. Carl stands up in his stirrups with a look of triumph, taking in the remains of B.B. with a cruel, ferocious laugh.

CARL
Bee Beeeeeeeee!
(turning and stabbing his finger straight at Paul)
Your ass is grass, man.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2) 70

He laughs loudly, sweeping his eyes over Tom and Sam. Then he GUNS his MOTORCYCLE into a ROARING turn and PEELS into the night, screaming --

CARL
Grrrrraaaaasssssssssss!

71 OMITTED 71

72 EXT. CONWAY BACKYARD - LATE AT NIGHT 72

ANGLE DOWN INTO a pit. B.B.'s remains are there, wrapped in Paul's sheet. There is nothing but a jumble of shattered parts. A shovelful of dirt slams down over him. Then another.

72A ANGLE ON PAUL 72A

Alone by the back fence, standing over the grave, dressed in jeans and a down jacket. His face is smeared with dirt and tears. A full moon rises like a halo behind his head as he shovels the earth over his dead friend.

72B ANGLE ACROSS HIM TO SAM'S HOUSE 72B

Her back door opens and Sam slips out. She is in a cotton night shirt, her body unselfconsciously apparent beneath it. She stops at the fence running along Paul's drive, listening.

SAM
(calling softly)
Paul?

She starts past the fence.

72C ANGLE BACK ON PAUL 72C

as Sam ENTERS the FRAME and joins him. She leans against his shoulder, looking at the grave, sadly.

SAM
I'm so sorry, Paul.

PAUL
'Sokay.

She looks at him. He turns his tears away from her. She looks down. But then we hear a familiar sound, "BEE BEE, BEE BEE." Paul and Sam freeze. They stare into the grave. Paul bends down and searches quickly beneath the dirt. He pulls out a handful of electronic parts. B.B.'s little VOICE BOX is among them.

(CONTINUED)

72C CONTINUED: 72C

For no reason, it has begun to CHIRP. Suddenly Paul notices a tiny electrical unit, no bigger than a matchbox, scattered in the debris he is holding in his hand. He gasps as he sees it and holds it up in the moonlight.

PAUL
Wow! I don't believe this! I thought it was gone. I thought it was lost forever.

SAM
What is it?

PAUL
It's his computer. It's his... brain.

Paul clutches the tiny computer in his fist. Then, as unexpectedly as it had started, the sound of B.B.'s VOICE STOPS. Paul and Sam look down at the silent box.

SAM
It's like he wanted you to find it.

Paul glances at Sam quietly and then down at B.B.'s remains. He stares at them. After a moment, he slides the computer into his shirt pocket and carefully buttons it closed. He looks at Sam with a soft, warm smile. She smiles back and shivers. Paul whips off his jacket and gives it to her. She accepts. The two of them gaze at one another, great tenderness and hurt written on both of their faces.

SAM
You gonna be okay?

He nods. *

SAM
I know you are.

73 thru 76 OMITTED 73 thru 76 *

76A INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - DAY 76A *

Paul is sitting in class surrounded by students many years older and several inches taller than he is. He seems lost in the midst of them. It is obvious that his mind is not in the classroom. The teacher's voice is barely heard. Paul seems very far away.

77 OMITTED 77
& &
78 78

79 EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY 79

A blast of wind scatters fallen leaves on a cloudy autumnal day. Paul is sitting on a park bench carving on a small wooden plaque that he holds in his lap. It reads, "In memory of my friend." In the distance, we hear a FAINT VOICE calling "Paul." Gradually it grows LOUDER and breaks into normal VOLUME.

SAM
Paul.

Paul turns around. Sam is standing there along with her bicycle. She leans it against the bench and lifts off her knapsack.

SAM
Mind if I sit?
(as he shakes his head)
Your mom said you might be here.
(as he nods)
I brought something for you. I want you to have it.

PAUL
What is it?

Sam pulls an old stuffed dog out of her knapsack and hands it to him.

SAM
It's Chister.
(as Paul stares at her)
I know he's all ratty and everything. I've had him since I was four.

PAUL
(really touched)
I can't take this.

SAM
Please. He'll never make up for B.B., but he'll be a good friend.

PAUL
Sam, no.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: 79

SAM
I want you to take him. Please. Don't say no.

Paul just stares at Sam as a rush of sweetness and joy fills his cheeks. With unexpected bravado, he leans over and gives her a kiss. The moment surprises him and his face flushes a deep red as he pulls back, embarrassed by what he has done. Sam is not embarrassed. She smiles at him. Paul looks away.

80 OMITTED 80

81 81

82 INT. CONWAY DINING ROOM - THANKSGIVING TABLE - EVENING 82
(SEVERAL DAYS LATER)

With a big roast turkey as its delicious centerpiece.

The CAMERA PANS TO Jeannie all dressed up and Paul in a sports jacket.

JEANNIE
Thank you, Lord, for all the blessings in our life, for this wonderful cozy old house, for a car that still runs, and for the generosity of the university and especially Dr. Johanson. Please bless us, Lord, and bless Sam, and may you keep her father dead to the world for the rest of the night.

We hear Sam GIGGLE as she joins the others in saying:

ALL
Amen.

PAUL
Okay, let's do it. Pass the food.

83 JEANNIE 83

Standing to carve the turkey.

JEANNIE
Paul, thigh or breast?

She looks at Paul whose eyes are momentarily fixated on Sam's chest.

PAUL
Mom!

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: 83

He blushes.

JEANNIE
Turkey, Paul, turkey.

She laughs. Sam looks down at her breasts and then up into Paul's eyes. His face is bright red. Sam smiles.

83A thru 84 OMITTED 83A thru 84 *

85 EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT 85 *

Sam and Paul kiss.

86 INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 86

The house is dark, but odd lights create angular shadows that exaggerate its menacing look. Removing her shoes, Sam grabs some schoolbooks, and heads toward the stairs. Her shadow expands and contracts on the surface of the walls.

87 SHOT FROM TOP OF STAIRS 87

As she reaches for the bannister and begins the long climb to her room.

88 CLOSEUP OF SAM'S STOCKING FEET 88

Stepping as quietly as she can on worn and squeaky treads. She does her best to remember the silent spots and grows rigid when she steps in the wrong place. SQUEAK.

89 SAM'S POV 89

As each step brings her closer to the landing. Suddenly, she hears a NOISE and looks behind her. There is nothing there. The CAMERA TURNS BACK TO the stairs and Sam finds herself looking directly at a pair of large feet. She gasps. The CAMERA TILTS UP. HIGH ABOVE her we see Harry's angry face.

90 SAM'S FEET 90

Sound of a heavy WHACK as Sam's feet slip three treads and her hands grasp for the railing.

SAM
(crying out)
I was studying. I had homework.

HARRY
You little lying bitch!

We hear another LOUD WHACK. Sam holds the books up to protect her face. Her feet slip again and her fingers lock desperately onto the bannister poles.

91 HARRY'S HUGE HAND 91

Swinging through the air. CRACK! It connects with Sam's head.

92 SAM'S FINGERS 92

as they try to hold on.

SAM
Daddy, no!

Sam's fingers rip free from the spindles as her feet slip out from beneath her. We hear her BODY TUMBLING and CRASHING down the stairs. There is a huge CRACKING sound as her head collides with the bannister and then silence. Sam's body lies crumbled on the floor. Harry Pringle stands motionless at the top of the stairs.

HARRY
Okay, come on now. None of this shit! Get the hell up! Samantha! I'm not joking -- you wanna know what real trouble is?

He starts down the stairs, then stops, spooked.

HARRY
I mean it now. Get the hell up and get in your room.
(swallows suddenly and pauses)
Oh, man...

He swipes his hand across his eyes and backs slowly up the stairs.

93 INT. CONWAY KITCHEN - NIGHT 93

Paul and Jeannie are doing dishes. *

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: 93

They're listening to MUSIC. Then Paul stops and snaps OFF the RADIO. They both hear the SIRENS. *

PAUL
No...

94 EXT. CONWAY HOUSE - SIREN - NIGHT 94

FULL BLAST as Paul and Jeannie rush from the house. A police car is converging on the Pringle home. An ambulance is already there. Jeannie gasps.

95 EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 95

Paul charges down the porch steps as Sam's body, lying on a stretcher, is rushed to the ambulance. Harry is hurrying behind her, whining to the ambulance attendants.

HARRY
Goddam kid -- I told her to clean up her stuff off the stairs -- she never woulda tripped.

Jeannie rushes to the ambulance.

JEANNIE
What happened to her? What's wrong?

The driver doesn't answer. He jumps into the front seat as Harry climbs in back with Sam. Paul runs toward the ambulance door as it is slammed shut. Harry looks up and sees Paul staring at him with wild fury. He quickly turns away. The ambulance speeds off.

96 thru 98 OMITTED 96 thru 98

99 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - SAM'S HEAD - NIGHT 99

full of wires. An electroenchephalogram is recording her brain waves. Dr. Johanson and several TECHNICIANS are observing. There are grave expressions on their faces. Harry Pringle is standing at the fringes of the group, looking worried and covert. His fingers seem to find a cigarette on their own and with one last unwanted glimpse of Sam, he backs shakily out the door.

100 INT. WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 100

Harry stumbles out and leans against the wall, lighting the cigarette with a shaking hand. He takes a deep drag and leans his head back against the wall, staring ahead at nothing. Then his eyes refocus. His face becomes guarded.

100A HARRY'S POV 100A

We see Paul and Jeannie arriving, out of breath. Paul turns and sees him. Something dark and dangerous snaps between the two. Harry grinds out the cigarette and slips back through the doorway he came out of. *

101 OMITTED 101

102 INT. OPERATING ROOM - CROSS SECTION OF SAM'S BRAIN - NIGHT 102

Dr. Johanson is studying them attentively, rotating many of the images in three dimensional perspectives. He does not look happy with what he sees.

DR. JOHANSON
We're going to have to go in fast.

TECHNICIAN
Dr. Greenberg's on his way.

103 INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT 103

Sam, anesthetized, is lying stomach down on an operating table, her head in a metal brace. A number of doctors are gathered around her. One of them brings a razor to her scalp and locks of her golden hair fall to the floor.

104 INT. WAITING ROOM - JEANNIE - NIGHT 104

Asleep. Paul is nervously and methodically ripping strips of paper out of magazines.

105 INT. OPERATING ROOM - EXTREME CLOSEUP - HORSESHOE INCISION - NIGHT 105

in the back of Sam's skull. A metal clamp lifts the flap of skin and bone like a hinged door, exposing the brain. It is awash in blood. Two masked doctors look at one another and shake their heads.

106 MACHINE RECORDING SAM'S BRAIN WAVES 106

The lines are flat.

107 OMITTED 107

108 INT. WAITING ROOM - CLOSEUP - DR. JOHANSON - NIGHT 108

Standing over Jeannie and Paul. They are both asleep. Paul simply jumps up.

PAUL
What's happening? What happened? How is she?

Jeannie sits up, groggy and confused.

JEANNIE
Is she okay?

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: 108

DR. JOHANSON
(swallowing and shaking his head "no")
She's not okay. She took a bad blow to the head. An epidural hematoma in the posterior fossa. We had to go in.

JEANNIE
What does that mean?

PAUL
Is she alive?

DR. JOHANSON
(pausing for a long moment)
They have her on life support. They'll maintain her for 48 hours, for further readings, but I'm afraid it's just a formality. Her brain is dead. I saw the wound. There was nothing we could do.

PAUL
(in a growing frenzy)
What do you mean 'nothing'? We've got experimental procedures... a whole battery of things. You can't just let her die.

DR. JOHANSON
(sternly repeating himself)
There was nothing we or anybody could do.

109 thru 115 OMITTED 109 thru 115

116 INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 116

Paul is sitting on his bed. Somber and thoughtful. Jeannie passes in the hallway behind, and, seeing him, enters with a respectful knock on his door.

JEANNIE
You shouldn't drink that. What you need is a glass of warm milk and some sleep.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: 116

PAUL
Sleep? How? I couldn't if I wanted to.

JEANNIE
(softly)
You could try, honey. Maybe...

He looks up suddenly, pain flashing in his eyes. His voice cracks like a child's with a breaking heart. He stares at his mother with a hurt, desperate look.

PAUL
They're turning her off tomorrow night at ten o'clock.
(as Jeannie looks at him, he looks away)
It's unbelievable. They're just gonna pull the plug, kill the monitors, and leave the room. I don't understand. There are so many things they could try. The brain is this incredible instrument. We don't even use ten percent of it. Just because there's a brain stem compression doesn't mean the rest of the brain is dead.
(looks back at her)
Goddamn it, there's so much they could do. If they'd only listen to me.

JEANNIE
Honey, they're the doctors, not you.

Paul looks at his mother sadly and turns away. Jeannie exits room. *

116A INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 116A *

Paul is sitting on his bed, staring at the ceiling. His eyes are full of tears.

116B PAUL'S POV 116B *

as his eyes drift around the room at the signs of a childhood that is rapidly passing away. Suddenly his eyes lock on his dresser top.

117 OMITTED 117 *
& &
118 118 *

119 PAUL'S DRESSER TOP 119 *

Paul ENTERS FRAME and looks at the picture of him and Sam and B.B. Then his fingers find the small metal box containing B.B.'s brain. He takes the brain out and fingers it thoughtfully. * * * *

120 INT. PAUL'S LAB - DAY 120

Paul at his laboratory desk. He is working furiously. A pad of paper at his side is filled with diagrams of the brain and pages of detailed notes. We watch as he connects B.B.'s brain up to a bank of computer terminals. Extraordinary images fill the monitors as Paul analyzes the computerized brain. Computer programs flash before us as Paul rapidly alters and reworks them. He works at breakneck speed, constantly looking up at the clock.

120A EXT. UNIVERSITY - NIGHT 120A

The school is pretty much dark. Except for one light burning. Paul's lab.

121 INT. LAB - LATER THAT NIGHT 121

Jeannie appears at the lab. It is after 11:00. She has some hamburgers with her. Paul is alone. She unwraps the burgers and puts them beside him. She is very respectful.

JEANNIE
Another all nighter?
(as he nods)
You know you hardly slept last night. Should I even ask what you're working on? Why are you doing this?

PAUL
It helps.

She pauses, touched by his words, and strokes his hair.

JEANNIE
Call me when you wanna come home. Anytime, okay.

Jeannie exits. As soon as she does, Paul rushes to a back corner of his lab and continues working on something already begun. * * *

121A CLOSER ANGLE 121A *

We see he's mixing some sort of white powder pour from several tiny lab bottles. He begins pouring the powder into a small plastic envelope. * * *

122 EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY 122

A DOORBELL RINGS. MRS. MARTIN, Tom's mother, answers it. It is early morning and she is still in her bathrobe. She stares at Paul, bleary-eyed.

PAUL
Hi, is Tom here?

MRS. MARTIN
Here? Of course, he's here. It's six o'clock in the morning.

PAUL
I just wanted to catch him early.

MRS. MARTIN
Well, you've done that.

123 INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - DAY 123

Tom is sitting up in bed. He seems to wake as ungracefully as his mother.

TOM
Hey, Paul... whataya doin' here?

PAUL
I need a favor. A big one.

TOM
What's up?

PAUL
I need you to stay over at my house tonight.

TOM
Your house? What are you talking about? Do you know what time it is?

PAUL
And I need your dad's keys. Just for the night.

TOM
(instantly terrified)
You kidding? You know what he'd do to me?

PAUL
He'll never find out.

TOM
What's this all about?

PAUL
(hesitating)
We're going to save Sam.

Tom freezes.

TOM
Sam? Whataya mean save Sam? She's dead.

PAUL
Not yet, she isn't. Only her brain, and I think I can fix that.

TOM
What the hell are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: 123

PAUL
We're gonna get her out of the hospital before they pull the plug tonight at ten o'clock.

TOM
(pales)
No way...

PAUL
(playing a card he'd rather not have to)
You owe me, Tom. It was you that got B.B. killed. You said so yourself.

Tom swallows.

TOM
(wary)
How you figure on doing that?

Paul leans over closer to Tom, so no prying ear can hear.

123A EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING 123A

We can hear Tom's yell from all the way out here.

TOM (O.S.)
Are you out of your fucking mind?!

124 thru 129 OMITTED 124 thru 129

130 INT. CONWAY KITCHEN - WALL CLOCK - NIGHT 130

It is already eight o'clock. Paul eyes it nervously, then looks back to his mother. Jeannie and the boys are just finishing dinner, Paul obviously is hating the delay, but hating what he's trying to do as well.

PAUL
(to Jeannie)
You sure you don't want any milk or anything? I'll get you some.

Jeannie laughs.

JEANNIE
I hate milk. You know that. You two through?

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: 130

Paul nods.

TOM
It was great.

Jeannie smiles.

JEANNIE
Now how about some pie?

PAUL
No, thanks.

JEANNIE
(not hearing)
And some coffee for me.

Paul perks up instantly. Jeannie is already up and pouring herself coffee.

PAUL
Pie and coffee! Yessir!

Tom looks at him like he's crazy. Jeannie is going back for pie now, and as she does, Paul pulls the tiny envelope of powder from his pocket. Tom sees him with a look of growing dismay. Paul is about to dump it into Jeannie's coffee when she turns around.

JEANNIE
Whipped cream?

Tom looks to Paul.

PAUL
Yes.

TOM
(nodding)
Please.

Jeannie turns her back once again and Paul quickly dumps the powder into her cup. It sits there like a big lump. He lifts a spoon to stir it when Jeannie returns to the table and starts slicing the pie. Paul stares at the lump, praying for it to dissolve, but it does nothing. Tom watches with great anxiety. The lump is beginning to settle. Jeannie takes a piece of crust and nibbles while she cuts. It makes her thirsty. She reaches for her cup. Paul closes his eyes waiting for her to notice the lump, but she drinks without looking. Suddenly she stops as though tasting something funny. Paul bites his lip nervously.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: (2) 130

JEANNIE
Boy, I make good coffee.

Tom, in the middle of a gulp of milk, spritzes it across the table. Paul nearly chokes.

JEANNIE
What's wrong?

TOM
Just something in my throat.

Tom grabs his napkin and begins wiping the table. Jeannie looks at the boys oddly and serves the dessert.

131 INT. CONWAY LIVING ROOM - DIGITAL CLOCK - NIGHT 131

on a videotape recorder. It is 8:42. Paul and Tom are * lying on the floor watching a tape. They seem nervous and fidgety. Jeannie on the couch behind them appears drowsy.

PAUL
You look tired. Maybe you should just go to bed.

JEANNIE
Bed? No. I'm wide awake.
(staring out the window)
I keep thinking about the hospital, thinking we should be there.

PAUL
What could we do? Just sit...

JEANNIE
I know. But it feels so strange. Nine o'clock will come and...

PAUL
(abruptly)
Nine? You mean ten.

JEANNIE
No, nine, they changed it to nine. Something to do with the coroner.
(looks at her watch)
God, less than an hour.

Jeannie shakes her head wearily. *

JEANNIE
I've gotta get more coffee.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

She starts to stand, fades, sits, then slumps over. Paul hastily checks to see that Jeannie is okay, then jumps up. *

PAUL
Come on, we've only got fifteen minutes! *

TOM
It's too late. We'll never make it. It'll take us that long to get there.

PAUL
We've gotta try.

131A thru 134 OMITTED 131A thru 134 *

135 PAUL 135

rifling through his mother's purse. He comes out with a set of keys. Tom stares at him with a mixture of awe and dread.

136 INT. JEANNIE'S VAN - NIGHT 136

Paul floors the gas pedal and shoots backwards out the driveway at 40 miles per hour. Tom grabs onto the door.

137 INT. SAM'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 137

Dr. Johanson, ANOTHER DOCTOR and several nurses are standing over Sam. Harry Pringle is beside them. One of the Doctors turns on the EEG. A flat line readout appears on a monitor screen. The Doctor shakes his head. Harry glances quickly from one face to the other, then puts on a brave mask of his own. He looks at the sheet of paper in his hand.

HARRY
So, when would it happen, then?

Dr. Johanson studies the man a moment, then looks away, seeing the determination.

DR. JOHANSON
As soon as you sign, the procedure is to take her off the machine, and then... the organs will be removed for transplanting.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: 137

HARRY
(clearing his throat)
I think you should just do it. People everywhere could be waiting for her organs right now. We shouldn't make 'em wait.
(signs the papers, then looks up)
She'll be like a hero, right?

The CAMERA has PANNED OFF Harry at these last moments, DOWN and INTO Sam's silent face.

138 OMITTED 138

139 INT. SAM'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 139

Dr. Johanson and the others are getting ready to pull the plug that connects Sam to her respirator and other life-sustaining systems.

140 EXT. HOSPITAL SERVICE ENTRANCE - NIGHT 140

The boys speed around a corner, the van veering madly and SMASHING straight through a pile of steel garbage CANS. Fortunately the area is deserted, for the CLATTER is horrendous. Tom leaps out, rattled and on edge, as does Paul.

TOM
Jeez, what a ride! Where'd you learn to drive?

PAUL
Between the house and here.

Paul pulls open the van door and hauls out a heavy battery, giving it to Tom and going back for the other.

PAUL
B.B.'s batteries. For the respirator. Hurry up with the keys.

140A ANGLE AT DOOR 140A

Tom struggling with the keys, reviewing the crimes as he tries to find the one that opens the lock.

TOM
Mother drugging, car theft, reckless driving without a license, illegal trespass. We'll be old when we get out.

(CONTINUED)

140A CONTINUED: 140A

PAUL *
Shut up and open the door. *

141 INT. SERVICE ENTRANCE - NIGHT 141

Paul directs Tom to one of several laundry bins stored nearby. They lower the batteries inside and quickly bury them under a pile of soiled sheets and uniforms. Paul hands Tom a folded sheet of paper.

PAUL
These are the directions. At 8:59 you're gonna throw the switch. I've checked it all out. They've got back-up generators. No one'll get hurt. I just need the diversion.

TOM
Then what?

PAUL
I don't know.

TOM
What do you mean you don't know?

PAUL
Look, we're nearly an hour late. I'm doin' the best I can. It's 8:55. Give me four minutes and then throw the switch. Just do what I told you. It's a piece of cake.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: 141

TOM
(doomed)
Why don't I believe you?

Paul grabs the laundry bin and begins running, pushing it down the corridor to a bank of elevators. Tom, frightened, looks down at his watch. He tenses.

142 thru 145 OMITTED 142 thru 145

146 INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - NIGHT 146

Paul pushes the button for the elevator. It does not come. He looks at his watch. It is 8:56. He is in a real panic. The elevator arrives. Paul shoves the bin inside and pushes the button for the 4th floor.

147 INT. HOSPITAL - SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT 147

Dr. Johanson looks at his watch.

ANOTHER DOCTOR
It's nearly time.

HARRY
I think you should do it.

Dr. Johanson glances at the other doctor who nods his head.

DR. JOHANSON
What a waste.

He starts across the room to the life support machine.

148 INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - NIGHT 148

The elevator hits the third floor.

149 INT. HOSPITAL - SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT 149

Dr. Johanson pulls at the plug. *

150 CLOSEUP - MONITORING MACHINES 150

As they go blank.

151 BACK TO SCENE 151

DOCTOR #1
Okay, gather up the machinery and let's leave the room. Come on, everyone. Let's let life take its course.

They begin rolling the machinery out of the room.

152 INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - NIGHT 152

Paul looks at his watch. It is 8:57. He is sweating. The elevator is approaching the 4th floor.

PAUL
(to himself)
Easy, easy...

152A INT. BOILER ROOM 152A

Tom, looking absolutely terror-stricken, creeps along a bank of heavy electrical panels. He finds the right one, referring to the sheet of paper Paul gave him. He glances at his watch, impatient. Then what he fears most happens. He hears a SOUND. Someone is moving about in the boiler room. He hears MENS' VOICES. Panicked, Tom reaches for the huge switch on the electrical panel and throws the switch. The room is plunged into semi-darkness, and Tom runs like hell!

152B INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 152B

The elevator jars to a sudden stop and its lights go out. Paul reacts in horror.

PAUL
Shit! Shit! Shit!

After a moment, a dim emergency light flickers on and the elevator starts to move erratically. After several starts and stops it arrives at the 4th floor and the doors open.

153 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT 153

Paul rushes out into the hallway. It is very dark, lit only by emergency floodlights that give the whole place an eerie, unreal look. There is a sense of controlled pandemonium, people racing to and fro checking systems, assuring patients. Paul rushes the bin past them and heads right into Sam's room.

154 INT. HOSPITAL - SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT 154

The horror on Paul's face as he enters the room. In the darkness, he can still see that all the life support machinery is gone. He runs over to Sam.

PAUL
Oh, God! No! Sam! Sam!

Paul reaches for her wrist and holds it, feeling for a pulse. There is nothing there. It hangs limp in his hand.

155 CLOSEUP - PAUL 155

His eyes are swelling with tears. He just stands there for a moment, totally overwhelmed and uncertain what to do. A fierce determination emerges on Paul's face. Moving the batteries to the back of the bin, he grabs hold of Sam's lifeless body and takes her from the bed. Gently he lowers her beside the batteries and covers her with the dirty sheets.

156 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 156

Paul quickly wheels Sam from the room. He is just three feet from the elevator when the lights come back on. He freezes. An orderly runs by him without even noticing. Paul pushes the elevator button. Nurses are converging at the end of the hall. They are heading in his direction. He is nearly panting when the elevator doors open.

157 INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - NIGHT 157

Paul rushes the bin inside and pushes the lower level button. The doors start to close. Suddenly, someone yells:

VOICE (O.S.)
Hold that door!

Paul gasps and reaches for the close door button. It shuts an instant before the person arrives.

158 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - GROUP OF DOCTORS - NIGHT 158

Waiting for the elevator on the 2nd floor.

DOCTOR #1
What a night, huh?

DOCTOR #2
If something can go wrong, it will, right?

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: 158

The elevator door opens, and Paul is revealed, just pulling a surgical mask over his face. He straightens. The doctors survey him, bemused.

DOCTOR #1
Hey, what do we have here?

159 INT. ELEVATOR 159

An instant before they step in, Paul pulls the sheet over a lock of Sam's blonde hair.

DOCTOR #2
Volunteer, huh? They got you doing laundry?

PAUL
(realizing his only out)
Oh, uh-huh. Nobody else would do it since it's from the contagious ward.
(as the doctors freeze)
But since I already have hepatitis anyway...

The Doctors are out of the elevator like a shot. Paul jams the "Close Door" button hard -- and the elevator is his once more. He strips off the mask and wipes his face with a shaking hand.

160 thru 162 OMITTED 160 thru 162 *

163 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 163

Paul races with the laundry bin to his mother's van. Tom runs up to meet him.

TOM
Jesus, you really got her. Hey, where's all her stuff? Where's the life support...?

PAUL
(nearly in tears)
We were too late.

TOM
Too late? What do you mean too late? What's she doing here?

163A INT. VAN - NIGHT 163A

Paul starts hauling the bin inside.

PAUL
They pulled the plug.

TOM
(suddenly backs up)
She's dead?

PAUL
Hurry! We have no time...

TOM
Hurry? What for?
(despite himself, he starts helping)
What the hell are you doing? You didn't say anything about a dead body. We were supposed to save her life.

PAUL
We're gonna try.

TOM
Try? Are you crazy or something? Are you crazy?

PAUL
(screaming)
Whataya want me to do? Leave her there? Goddamn it. There's still hope -- things I can do -- Doctors don't know shit! But we gotta go fast. Come on.

Tom stares into Paul's eyes and backs away in sheer terror.

TOM
I want out. I mean it. I'm gonna throw up.

Paul leaps into the driver's seat.

PAUL
Throw up later.

163B EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 163B

The van speeds away, careening out of sight.

164 OMITTED 164
& &
165 165

166 EXT. UNIVERSITY - SCIENCE BUILDING - NIGHT 166 *

Paul's van pulls INTO VIEW. Paul and Tom roll bin out of van and into science building. *

167 OMITTED 167 *
& &
168 168 *

169 INT. PAUL'S LAB - NIGHT 169

With a deafening scream, a sleeping CLEANING LADY jerks to a sitting position on top of one of the counters -- the same place occupied before by the cadaver!

CLEANING LADY
Who is it?! Who's there?!

PAUL
(grabbing his chest)
Jesus!

CLEANING LADY
Jesus who?

Before Paul says anything, the Cleaning Lady jumps off his lab table and genuflects her way hastily toward the door.

CLEANING LADY
Sorry, so sorry. Just resting my eyes. Sorry!

She runs into the hall. Paul holds his breath. He can hear FOOTSTEPS FADING as she leaves. Paul runs to the door and sticks his head into the corridor.

170 OMITTED 170 *

171 INT. PAUL'S LAB - NIGHT 171

Sam is laid out on the counter of Paul's lab, face down. She is swathed in towels and sheets, and despite the obvious make-shift feel to the whole affair, there is also a feeling of great care and competence. Surrounding the counter are a host of computers and other sophisticated machines Paul has brought in, plus a panoply of notes, diagrams, books and surgical tools. Paul is in sterile gloves and a doctor's mask.

TOM
Do you have any idea what you're doing?

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: 171

PAUL
You think I'd be here if I didn't? How do you think I built B.B.? I studied brain physiology and cognitive theory till it was coming out of my ears. I have ideas no one ever thought of.

TOM
I'll buy that.

Tom wanders around to where Paul is standing.

TOM
Look, I can't do this. I gotta split.

PAUL
You can't. I need you to stay.

TOM
Stay? Are you kidding?

PAUL
I can't do it alone.

TOM
That's why I'm leaving.

Paul's glare nails Tom to the spot and intensifies the deep sense of dread creeping over him.

PAUL
Tom, please. Hand me that plastic bag.

Tom hesitates a moment and then unexpectedly complies. Paul smiles gratefully and carefully reaches into the bag. From it he extracts B.B.'s tiny computerized brain.

TOM
What's that?

PAUL
It's B.B.'s brain. Or was. I've doctored it up a bit.

TOM
You're giving her a robot brain?

PAUL
I'm giving her a computer. A battery-powered, self-contained computer.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: (1A) 171

TOM
For what?

PAUL
Did you ever hear of a pacemaker? For the heart? This is like that, except it's for the head. If there's any life left in her brain at all, it'll find it. It'll reroute it around the damaged portion and rejoin it all into a whole again. *

TOM
A whole what?

PAUL
A whole person. Sam.

TOM
But there's no heartbeat, she's ice-cold.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: (2) 171

PAUL
Don't underestimate the power of the human brain.
(lower)
Don't underestimate Sam or me, either.

Paul hands Tom a face mask. Tom studies him a moment in shock, then puts it on.

172 OMITTED 172
& &
173 173

174 CLOSEUP OF BANDAGE ON BACK OF SAM'S HEAD 174

Slowly Paul pulls it back exposing the horseshoe incision in the center of a patch of cleanly-shaven scalp. A shiny metal scissors approaches the sutures.

175 TOM 175

His fingers grip the counter. He looks green.

176 BACK TO SCENE 176

PAUL
You okay?

Tom nods unconvincingly. Using a kind of needle-nose pliers, Paul reaches into the incision and gently begins to fold back the hinged portion of the scalp.

177 TV MONITOR 177

Video images from a surgical microscope reveal the outer lining of Sam's brain as a shiny silver instrument probes inside.

PAUL
(fascinated)
This is it. This is the stem of the medulla oblongata. You wanna look?

Tom doesn't move.

PAUL
It's like the crossroads, the body's major relay station. This is where we put it.

178 B.B.'S BRAIN 178

At the end of a tiny prod.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: 178

It looks like a small board with fillament-like spines of various lengths extending from it. Slowly, it makes its way into the stem of Sam's brain. We see only a discreet glimpse of its progression.

PAUL
Perfect!

The tiny computer separates from the tool and lodges in Sam's head. But Paul is not done. Paul, using machinery of great complexity, undertakes maneuvers of minute calibration. *

178A TV MONITOR 178A

With great delicacy we see the microscopic filaments coursing their way through the brain tissue.

178B PAUL'S FOREHEAD 178B

Dripping with sweat. He can hardly see. After a moment Paul pulls back from the machine and takes a deep breath. Then he reaches for a tiny box sitting nearby and gently opens it. *

178C EXTREME CLOSEUP OF GLEAMING COMPUTER CHIP 178C

Paul extracts the silver and gold marvel from the box with a surgical device. It is the same chip Paul showed Tom on their very first meeting. We FOLLOW it as it travels through the air and INTO a space on the filament board implanted in Sam's head.

178D PAUL'S EYES 178D

As he completes the last step of his delicate operation. For several seconds his eyes are steady. They do not even blink. And then, with the sound of relief escaping his lips, his eyes close. He is done.

179 BACK TO SCENE 179

Tom looks over at Paul and:

TOM
Now what?

Tom winces as he watches Paul's efforts. Antiseptic washes flood the area with a brownish tint and new bandages are applied to cover the incision. * * *

PAUL
Now we see if it works. *

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED: 179

Paul reaches into his coat pocket and extracts the remote control device once used on B.B. Tom sees it and laughs.

TOM
You're kidding?

Paul removes his rubber gloves and takes off his mask. Tom does the same. Paul stands in front of Sam's head. *
*

180 REMOTE CONTROL UNIT 180

As Paul aims it at Sam's head.

PAUL
Okay, are you ready?

Tom looks uncertain.

181 EXTREME CLOSEUP OF PAUL'S FINGER 181

as it lowers over the remote control button. CLICK!

182 LONG SHOT - SAM'S BODY 182

Absolutely nothing happens. Suddenly Paul's voice shatters the silence. *

PAUL
Look! Look! Did you see that?

TOM
See what?

PAUL
Her toe. Her toe moved!

TOM
Bullshit! It's just your mind.

PAUL
No. It moved.

TOM
I'm standing right here. Look, nothing.

He leans over. At that instant Sam's left leg shoots straight into the air and falls back down again. Tom crashes to the floor in a dead faint. Paul looks at Tom, but then turns to Sam with excitement.

PAUL
Sam! Sam!

182 CONTINUED: 182

Sam's leg is lying back on the counter, dormant once more. There is no more sign of life. Paul reaches down and helps Tom back up to his feet. His face is white and pasty. He stares at Sam with feelings of repulsion and fear.

TOM
What was that?

PAUL
I don't know.

Paul waits again for another sign, but nothing comes. Tom seems restless and desperate to leave. It is midnight.

TOM
How much longer?
(stares at Sam; suddenly he gasps)
Oh, my God.

Sam's right hand has begun to spasm. Paul leans over and watches. It is a slight movement, but it is constant. The CAMERA HOLDS ON the twitching movement. Paul takes hold of the remote control button and aims it at Sam's head. Immediately, the hand spasms stop. Paul stares curiously and pushes the button again. Instantly, the hand starts shaking. On again, off again, the hand responds. Tom pulls back, afraid. Paul stares. There's wonder in his eyes.

183 OMITTED 183 *
& &
184 184 *

185 EXT. CONWAY HOUSE - EARLY MORNING 185

Jeannie's van pulls into the driveway. The sun is coming up.

PAUL
Hurry.

Paul jumps out and opens the side door quickly. Sam's sheet-draped body is lying beside the batteries. Tom helps Paul grab hold of her and carry her toward the tool shed. They both seem exhausted.

186 INT. TOOL SHED - DAY 186

Newspapers and some kind of padding line the floor. The shed seems to have been prepared for Sam's arrival. There is an electric heater and Paul's rolled-up sleeping bag stashed in the corner.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: 186

PAUL
Hold her while I open the sleeping bag.

Paul unrolls the bedding and then he and Tom attempt to shove Sam into it. It doesn't work.

TOM
Just unzip it.

Paul nods at Tom's common sense. Tom smiles smugly.

187 EXT. TOOL SHED - DAY 187

Paul and Tom exit the shed and lock the door tight.

188 INT. CONWAY HOUSE - DAY 188

The boys tiptoeing into the foyer.

TOM
What if she's up?

PAUL
We just went for a ride.

Tom looks at him.

PAUL
A bike ride.

Paul drops his mother's keys back in her purse. The boys are about to head upstairs when Tom looks in the living room and sees Jeannie on the couch, exactly as they had left her. Only now her mouth is wide open and she looks dead.

TOM
(gasping and hold-
ing Paul back)
You don't want to go in there.

PAUL
What do you mean?

TOM
I think you killed her.

PAUL
What are you talking...?

He takes one look at his mother and runs to her side.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: 188

TOM
I had a feeling you put too much in.

PAUL
It was all measured.
(grabs hold of his mother and begins to shake her)
Mom. Mom.

She doesn't respond.

PAUL
Oh, God! Mom!

Suddenly Jeannie's eyes flash open and she jumps up.

JEANNIE
What? What?
(seems groggy and disoriented)
Paul?
(looks around)
What time is it?
(squints at the daylight)
Did I sleep here all night?

He hugs her.

PAUL
I think you did.

JEANNIE
I never do that.
(rubs her eyes)
I can't believe I did that.

Paul smiles.

JEANNIE
What have you two been up to?

PAUL
Oh, nothing much. Just foolin' around.

189 EXT. CONWAY HOUSE - DAY 189

Paul and Tom are standing on the front porch. Tom is leaving.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED: 189

PAUL
I don't know what to tell you. I really appreciate everything. You've really made it up to me. You've been a real friend.

TOM
(anxious to leave)
We're even now, huh?
(as Paul nods)
Okay.

He hops down the steps and grabs his bike.

PAUL
Remember, this is just between us.

Tom nods and starts to pedal off.

PAUL
Take it easy. I'll see you around.

Tom does not respond.

190 INT. TOOL SHED - DAY 190

Paul picks up the remote control device and pushes the button. Sam's hand begins to twitch. Then jump. And then the girl launches into full spasms, shaking and kicking violently -- as though she were being electrocuted. Paul watches a moment in amazement, then, regaining his wits, lunges for the remote control device and pushes the button. Sam's body turns off and collapses in a dead heap. Paul backs against the wall and just stands there, staring. The he hears the CAR PULL into the drive. Hears the SQAWK of a POLICE RADIO. He goes white.

191 thru 193 OMITTED 191 thru 193

194 INT. CONWAY LIVING ROOM - DAY 194

Paul enters through the kitchen, darting towards the living room hunched over like a guerilla with a bomb. He makes it to the living room window and peeks out. In HIS POV we see police and reporters crowding outside the Pringle house. Paul jerks back inside the window and holds the drapes shut tight. Then he claps his hand over his mouth and runs from the room -- passing Jeannie in the foyer, leaving her dumbfounded. We hear a DOOR SLAM, we hear FAINT RETCHING. *

195 INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - PAUL - LATE AT NIGHT 195

Jeannie is taking Paul's temperature. It seems, from her look, to be normal.

PAUL
I'm telling you, I'm fine.

JEANNIE
You've had a rough time of it, you really have. Try to get some sleep.

Jeannie smoothes the covers over Paul and kisses him lightly on the head. Paul doesn't shut his eyes as she crosses to the door.

PAUL
What did the police say? Anyone hear?

Jeannie pauses in the doorway. Uneasy conveying this information.

JEANNIE
They said it happened last night before the coroner arrived. It's incredible. I thought maybe her father took her, you know, to prevent the autopsy, but they said he was with the doctors when it happened.

Paul looks sick. Jeannie snaps off the light.

JEANNIE
You rest now.
(remembers)
Oh, forgot something. I spoke with that police sergeant, Volchek. He might want to talk to you later.

Paul sits back up in bed.

PAUL
Talk to me? Why me?

Jeannie looks at him.

JEANNIE
Because she was your friend, I suppose. He knew you were friends.

Paul nods, flopping back down.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED: 195

PAUL
Oh. Right. Sure.

She gives him a little wave and goes out. The moment the door closes, Paul is out of bed. He listens for his mother and hears her DOOR SHUT.

196 INT. TOOL SHED - PAUL - NIGHT 196

In pajamas and an overcoat, sneaking into the shed. He unzips Sam's sleeping bag and looks at her dead body. Her face is ashen gray. After a moment he presses the remote control device and her body goes into wild gyrations, a nervous system out of control.

PAUL
Oh God. What have I done?

Paul tries to calm her down, holding her with his arms, but she is too much for him. He lays his whole body over her, but the strength of her spasms are so intense that he is nearly lifted off the ground.

197 SAM'S FACE 197

A death mask in the midst of violent movement. Suddenly, however, her eyelids open and almost instantly, her body stops shaking. Paul, stunned, backs off and looks at her. She is staring right at him. But there is no sign of recognition, no sign that she even sees.

PAUL
Sam? Sam?

There is no response.

198 INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - DAWN 198

An ALARM CLOCK RINGS at 7:00 AM. Paul jumps up and SHUTS IT OFF. He drags himself out of bed. *

199 OMITTED 199 *

199A INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY 199A

Dr. Johanson scribbles hugely complicated notes on the blackboard. Paul watches, looking fatigued. Only a few other grad students are there, and Johanson watches Paul closely to see if he's following. Instead, Paul yawns hugely and rubs his eyes.

200 INT. CONWAY KITCHEN - PAUL AT DINNER - THAT EVENING 200

Paul is exhausted. He hardly seems to be there.

JEANNIE
Are you okay?

Paul does not respond. Jeannie reaches out and touches his arm.

JEANNIE
Honey, you have to try and let go. I know it's hard, but there's nothing we can do.

201 INT. TOOL SHED - NIGHT 201

A flashlight illuminates Sam lying on top of the sleeping bag. Paul is dressing her in Jeannie's clothes. He is amazed that her limbs move with so little effort.

PAUL
You're amazing, Sam. Look how well you're moving.
(pause)
God, I wish I could tell people what we've done. But they'd just take you away. They'd put you in some godawful laboratory somewhere with all these stupid doctors. I'd never see you again. You don't want that, do you?

There is no expression on her face, no sense that she has heard him. Then, suddenly Sam's hand begins to move. It rises through the flashlight beam and takes hold of one of Paul's fingers. Her grasp is firm, like a baby's. Paul is astonished.

PAUL
Wow!

There is a huge smile on his face.

202 INT. SEMINAR ROOM - DAY 202

Paul in school. Dr. Johanson is diagramming something on the board. Students are furiously taking notes. All except Paul. He is sound asleep. Dr. Johanson pauses.

DR. JOHANSON
So, Paul, what do you think?

Someone nudges Paul. Paul jerks upright.

PAUL
What?

Dr. Johanson narrows his eyes, studying his young charge. Several nearby students snicker.

DR. JOHANSON
In most basal ganglis surgery for involuntary movement disorders, what is the typical procedure?

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: 202

PAUL
(instantly)
In the case of dystonia musculorum deformans, usually it's the insertion of a cryosurgical cannual into the thalamus.

Dr. Johanson is stopped cold. No one snickers at that.

DR. JOHANSON
Correct.
(smiles despite himself)
Well, maybe we should all take more naps.

Everyone laughs as Paul straightens and shakes his head to stay awake.

203 INT. TOOL SHED - DAWN 203

Sam is sitting up. It seems like a reasonable thing until we realize that Paul is holding her in that position. As soon as he lets go, her body topples over. We watch several times as, almost comically, she tilts left or right and then collapses.

PAUL
Come on brain, come on brain. Figure it out. Balance, balance.

Finally, on the last attempt she stays up. Paul cheers.

204 EXT. DOWNTOWN WELLING - DAY 204

Paul is carrying packages on a downtown street when he spies Tom approaching. It is obvious that Tom has seen him. Tom seems uptight and turns to stare in a window, trying to avoid their meeting. But it doesn't work.

PAUL
Hey, Tom, long time no see.

TOM
Hey, how you doin'?

PAUL
I've been okay. Busy.

TOM
Oh, yeah?

PAUL
I was hoping you'd come around sometime.

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED: 204

TOM
Maybe... sometime.

PAUL
(there is a long pause; he seems hurt)
A lot of incredible things going on. You should see. It's really amazing.

Tom doesn't want to know, the silence is painful.

PAUL
Well, look, I gotta go.
(he waits for some response, but gets none)
Take it easy, okay?
(as Tom nods)
See ya.

Tom walks away.

205 INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 205

Paul is awakened from his sleep by a CLATTER of something outside. From the direction of the garage. It takes a moment to register. Then he jumps up. *

206 INT. SHED - NIGHT 206

Paul yanks open the shed door. The GURGLING sound INTENSIFIES. He shines the flashlight on the sleeping bag. Sam is not there. He scans the shed. He freezes. He sees the door into the garage proper is open. Paul rushes through.

207 SAM 207

Standing, all by herself, by the large doors leading out to the drive. She is staring out one of the windows. The GURGLING sound is coming from her throat.

PAUL
Sam. How did you get up?
(grabs the remote)
Damn it, did I leave it on?
What's going on? How did you get there? How did you stand?

The GURGLING sound GROWS LOUDER. It's almost as if Sam is trying to talk. She seems fixated on the window.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED: 207

Curious, he glances outside and gasps. Harry Pringle comes out onto his back porch, smoking and casually, yet intently staring at Paul's house. Sam makes a deep sound in her throat. Paul claps his hand over her mouth, drags her OUT of FRAME. *

207A ANOTHER ANGLE 207A *

Paul takes Sam quickly back into the tool room and lowers her to the sleeping bag. He aims the remote control at her and her body goes limp. Paul stands there for a long time, staring in disbelief.

208 INT. CONWAY KITCHEN - AFTERNOON 208

Paul is drowsily downing a glass of orange juice as he scans a kitchen table full of open textbooks. Then he hears his mother calling from outside.

JEANNIE (O.S.)
Paul, Paul Conway, you get out here this instant!

Paul spritzes his juice across the table. He jumps up and runs to the window.

209 JEANNIE 209

Standing in the middle of the backyard between the kitchen door and the shed. The shed door is wide open.

210 PAUL 210

His heart pounding. He takes a deep breath and runs out the back door.

211 EXT. CONWAY BACKYARD - DAY 211

Paul hurries toward his mother. He is pale.

JEANNIE
(yelling)
What the hell is this all about? What's going on here?

Jeannie points to the ground. Paul freezes. Lying at her feet is Sam's sleeping bag.

JEANNIE
What's this doing out here?

Paul is stunned. He doesn't know what to say.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED: 211

JEANNIE
What's your explanation, huh? I buy you a $200 down sleeping bag and I find it trashed in the middle of the backyard. What's going on, huh?

PAUL
(in a dither)
I had to try it out.

Jeannie shoves the sleeping bag into his hands.

JEANNIE
When I.B.M.'s paying you a hundred thou a year, you can buy all the sleeping bags you want, but as long as I'm supporting us, you show some respect, understand?

She walks back to the house. Paul stares after her, his mouth agape. The second the back door closes...

212 INT. SHED 212

... He rushes into the shed. Sam is nowhere to be seen. He spies the remote control device he's used to control Sam and stoops down to grab it.

212A OMITTED 212A

213 PAUL 213

In a white heat as he rushes back outside. He looks in all directions. Suddenly the cozy complex of backyards seems infinitely vast. He looks frightened and over-whelmed. Almost arbitrarily, he picks a direction and begins to run.

214 OMITTED 214 *
&
215 215 *

216 INT. SAM'S LIVING ROOM - LONG SHOT - PAUL - DAY 216

As if seen through a thick gauze. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK we realize we are seeing him through a window. Suddenly, Harry Pringle sits up in a recliner chair and blocks the view. He stares curiously around the room for a moment. Then he notices he's covered with sweat. He pulls at his collar.

HARRY
Hot in here...

Then he hears a sound. A LOW, THROATY SOUND. Almost human.

217 INT. SAM'S KITCHEN - DAY 217

Harry Pringle explores his kitchen. Everything is quiet save for a LOW, RUSHING SOUND. He looks down. Sees that the heat register near the kitchen table is pouring out so much heat that the tablecloth is smoking. Harry pulls back the table with a startled grunt and turns toward the basement door. An orange, dancing glow is coming from down there. And the sound of FLAMES.

218 EXT. NEIGHBOR'S GARAGE - DAY 218

Paul rushes into an open garage at the end of a neighbor's driveway. Late afternoon sunlight casts a red glow over the dusty space. Paul moves around quickly looking behind everything. There is no sign of her.

219 INT. SAM'S BASEMENT - DAY 219

A door opens as Harry Pringle looks into the darkness and then flicks on a solitary light. Barely breathing, afraid of every shadow and every CREAK in the STEPS, he descends the flight of rickety stairs.

HARRY
Who is it? Who's there?

He makes it to the bottom of the stairs, listens to the silence, and seems relieved to hear nothing. He turns and heads back up to the landing. Suddenly, however, the GURGLING SOUND returns. Harry stops. The SOUND GOES AWAY. In CAMERA ANGLES reminiscent of Sam's death, Harry continues up the stairs. The door is ajar. As he gets to the top step he reaches for the handle and freezes. Someone is standing there. Before Harry even knows what is happening, the door is WHACKED SHUT with stunning force. Harry screams as he plunges backwards like a rock, smashing into the treads, bouncing and crashing end over end to the cement floor below.

220 HARRY'S POV - EXTREME LOW ANGLE SHOT 220

As we see a pair of feet coming down the stairs. The movements are strange and unnatural.

220A BACK TO SCENE 220A

As Harry looks up we see that it is Sam coming toward him. Harry barely whispers.

HARRY
Sam?

With excruciating effort he tries to back away. Nearly crawling, he edges into the darkness.

221 INT. FURNACE ROOM - RAGING COAL FIRE - DAY 221

Harry grabs hold of the door handle to the furnace room and pulls himself up. He backs painfully inside. A coal FIRE is CRACKLING, and orange shadows dance on the black walls.

222 SAM 222

Her face emerging from the shadows into the hellish light of the fire. Harry's entire nervous system is a sudden mass of short circuits. His hands are shaking. His legs wobble.

HARRY
Oh my God.

Sam begins walking toward him. Her movement seems un-human. Harry's face contorts with fear as he lurches for a shovel and slams it wildly in his daughter's direction. He misses. Again Harry swings the shovel, but Sam, with unexpected strength, grabs it from his hands and sends it hurling at the wall. Its metal blade embeds itself in the concrete block. Harry backs up in sheer terror.

223 HARRY'S ARM 223

Touching the furnace. It SIZZLES. He screams. Sam keeps coming, her hands reaching out to her father, as if for an embrace. The GURGLING sound escapes from her throat.

HARRY
Get away from me! Get away!

Sam's arms, moving in bizarre spasms, close in on Harry's head. He tries to pull them off, but cannot budge her. Harry's back hits the furnace. We hear his SHIRT and FLESH FRYING. He begins to yell. Sam reaches for his neck. With no expression on her face it is impossible to tell if she is trying to hug him, or to kill him.

224 EXT. CONWAY BACKYARD - DAY 224

Paul, nearly hyperventilating, runs back toward the shed. There is a sense of hysteria in his eyes. He is still looking in all directions. Suddenly, he stops.

225 PAUL'S POV 225

As he sees Sam's chimney. Pouring out black smoke and gouts of sparks. And Sam's back door. Swinging in the cold evening air.

226 INT. SAM'S KITCHEN - DAY 226 *

Paul enters the smoky kitchen, alert for fire. There is no fire, of course. Not here, at least. But the smoke is rolling up in a thick gauze from the basement. Paul heads for that, scared to look, scared not to. * * * *

227 INT. SAM'S BASEMENT - RICKETY STAIRS - DAY 227

As Paul heads down them.

PAUL
Sam? Is that you?

The SOUND GROWS more intense. The FIRE in the furnace is CRACKLING LOUDLY.

228 PAUL'S POV 228

As he approaches the furnace room. Suddenly, he sees what looks like Mr. Pringle bending over the furnace. The heat of the flames distorts the image, but something seems terribly wrong.

228A BACK TO SCENE 228A

He runs toward him.

PAUL
Mr. Pringle? Are you all...?

Paul lets out an earth-shattering scream.

229 BODY OF MR. PRINGLE 229

with its head stuffed into the flames. Paul, shaking, reaches out to him. The body collapses to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED: 229

Harry's head, or what remains of it, stares back at him. It is charred black. Paul spins around in terror. Sam is standing there. He nearly jumps out of his skin.

PAUL
Sam!!!

Sam begins walking toward him. Paul stares in amazement. She keeps coming. Suddenly Paul feels afraid. He flicks the remote control device. It has no effect. Sam's arms reach out and clasp tightly around Paul's neck. He cannot move. The strange GUTTURAL SOUNDS emerge from her throat. She is trying to speak, but no words form. Paul loosens Sam's arms and steps back. Then it all comes crashing in on him. He stares at her father and Sam's newfound mobility and backs against the wall.

PAUL
Oh my God.
(pause)
Sam? What have you done?

The GURGLING sound plays in Sam's throat as Paul stares at the scene in horrified disbelief.

230 HUGE PILE OF COAL 230

As what remains of Harry's body is discreetly buried beneath it. Whiffs of smoke from underneath the coal indicate that Harry is still smoldering.

231 PAUL 231

Leading Sam up the basement stairs. He is covered in coal dust. Sam climbs them with difficulty, but Paul is amazed that she can mount them at all.

232 INT. SAM'S HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR - DOOR TO SAM'S BEDROOM - DAY 232

There is a key in the lock. Paul grabs it as he ushers Sam in.

PAUL
I gotta leave you here for now, Sam. You can't go back to the shed. I can't trust you there. I'll be back later. I just need a little time to think, to figure out what to do next.

He locks her in, trying to not see the look in her eyes. And then he grabs a shabby dark curtain and desperately tries to wipe the blackness of that coal and its awful cellar from his hands.

233 OMITTED 233

234 INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - EVENING 234

Paul is standing by Tom's bed. Tom is staring out the window.

PAUL
I need you, Tom. Things are getting out of hand.

TOM
I don't want to hear.

PAUL
I can't handle it by myself.

TOM
You can't handle it? Do you know I've had nightmares every night for a week? I'm flunkin' out of school. I can't sleep.

PAUL
She's walking. She's doing things...

TOM
(covering his ears)
I don't want to know.

PAUL
Please. I'm desperate. I need your help.

TOM
You need a psychiatrist.

PAUL
Maybe, but I need you now.

TOM
No. The answer is no. I've done you enough favors to last a lifetime. Get out of here, Paul. I can't handle this anymore.

235 INT. CONWAY KITCHEN - JEANNIE - NIGHT 235

As Paul walks sheepishly into the house. Jeannie is sitting at the kitchen table. It is obvious that she has finished eating and that Paul's dinner is cold.

PAUL
I can explain.

235 CONTINUED: 235

JEANNIE
You can always explain.

PAUL
No, I mean it. The truth.

JEANNIE
You want the truth? The truth is you're grounded. For one week, except for school, you're not stepping one foot outside of this house. And see this dinner?
(lifts the plate and tosses the contents into the garbage)
Now go to your room.

Paul does not attempt to argue. He heads straight upstairs.

236 INT. ELVIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 236

Elvira Parker in her parlor watching a GAME SHOW on TV. * Suddenly her eyes drift up from the tube as she stares out the window. It is obvious she has seen something. Carefully, she rises from her rocker and peers through the venetian blinds.

237 ELVIRA'S POV - SAM 237

Walking around in her bedroom. Elvira gasps and pulls at the blinds for a better look. Suddenly, Sam stops moving and looks out the window, right back at Elvira. Elvira shuts the blinds.

238 OLD DIAL PHONE 238

Elvira excitedly dials zero.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Operator.

ELVIRA
Operator, quick, get me the police.

239 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 239

Sergeant Volchek is slumped at his desk, exhausted, eating a cheeseburger. A DEPUTY enters.

VOLCHEK
Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

239 CONTINUED: 239

DEPUTY
It's Elvira Parker. *

VOLCHEK
Again? What is it with that woman? Tell her I'm not here.

DEPUTY
I told her. She says it's urgent. She says she's seen that dead girl walking around in the house across the street.

He rolls his eyes.

VOLCHEK
Oh, God, she'll be the death of me. Okay, okay. Tell her I'll be out there...
(wags cheeseburger)
... just as soon as I humanely can.

DEPUTY
(hesistant)
Okay, I'll try.

240 INT. ELVIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 240

Elvira slamming down her receiver.

ELVIRA
Idiot.

240A EXT. ELVIRA'S FRONT YARD - CLOSEUP - COMBINATION LOCK ON FRONT GATE - NIGHT 240A

A pale hand reaches INTO the FRAME, its white fingers closing over the lock's dial. And then the fingers begin to rotate, first one way, then the other, faster and faster -- faster than should be humanly possible. And then the lock opens.

241 INT. ELVIRA'S PARLOR - NIGHT 241

The GAME SHOW is playing LOUDLY on the TV. Elvira is sitting, and watching. She hears something and peers through the blinds.

241A EXT. ELVIRA'S FRONT GATE - ELVIRA'S POV - NIGHT 241A

The gate is open. No one is there.

241B INT. ELVIRA'S PARLOR - NIGHT 241B

Elvira backs away from the window and pulls the blind. Her heart is racing. We hear the RENDING of WOOD and BRASS from somewhere nearby. Quickly Elvira grabs her shotgun and goes to the door. She inches it open. There is no sound.

242 INT. ELVIRA'S PARLOR AND FOYER - NIGHT 242

Elvira comes out of her parlor and crosses her foyer TOWARD CAMERA. Then she stops, staring at her front door.

243 INT. ELVIRA'S FOYER - NIGHT 243

ELVIRA'S POV to her front door. The lock has been brutally shoved open. The door swings on its hinges in the night air. Again, no one is there.

244 ELVIRA 244

can hardly breathe. Her eyes look everywhere at once.

ELVIRA
(terrorized)
You get out of here. Out of my house.

There is no response. Elvira backs toward her parlor door.

ELVIRA
I'm calling the police.

Nothing but her front DOOR SCREECHING on its hinges, slowly, teasingly. Elvira opens the door behind her and turns to go inside. Suddenly, there is a THUNK behind her. Startled, she spins around, her gun leveled, and freezes. From out of the dark of the hallway, behind her, Tom's old BASKETBALL comes bouncing in SLOW MOTION towards her, THUNK, THUNK, THUNK. It rolls to a stop at her feet.

ELVIRA
(screaming, her voice in high register)
You goddamn little shits!

She slams her door behind her so hard a PICTURE CLATTERS off the wall. She bolts herself in.

244A INT. ELVIRA'S PARLOR - NIGHT 244A

Elvira rushes to the phone. She gets a DIAL TONE just as her door starts to move.

(CONTINUED)

244A CONTINUED: 244A

We can see it straining against its hinges, against its lock, slowly, but inexorably. Elvira hurries back to check the locks. They are bolted tight. Then, suddenly she steps back. The door is starting to buckle. The CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE. Screws from the locks and hinges are straining from the wood, forced from the other side by some enormous force. Elvira's eyes are big as saucers as she raises her shotgun and aims. Her voice crackles with fear.

ELVIRA
I'm warning you. I've got a gun.

Almost instantly the buckling stops, all the pressure gone. We hear FOOTSTEPS RUNNING and the front DOOR SLAM shut. Elvira backs against her wall, catching her breath. After a moment, she unbolts the door and steps into the hall.

244B INT. ELVIRA'S FOYER - NIGHT 244B

Elvira walks to the middle of the foyer and peers into the dark of the neighborhood glimpsed outside her windows.

ELVIRA
Shits! Scum bags! Dirty trash!
I'll teach you!

Silence. Elvira leans back. She seems relieved.

ELVIRA
I'm calling the police. They'll
find you.

She turns to go back to her parlor. At that split second Sam lunges from out of the darkness behind her. Elvira falls back against the door, terrified.

244C SAM'S POV - ELVIRA 244C

Elvira's eyes bulge in terror as she fumbles for her gun. Sam's vision zeros in on the weapon. Suddenly, as if sparked by the sight of it, a strange thing occurs. Sam's vision distorts into an electronic blur. Elvira's face erupts into a bizarre field of undulating colors. All of a sudden a flood of unexpected sounds gush from Sam's mouth. It is not her speaking.

SAM
Bee Bee. Bee Bee. Bee Bee.

244D BACK TO SCENE 244D

Elvira screams as the robot's voice breaks from Sam's lips. She raises the gun with a shaky hand. Sam reaches out instantly, grabs it from her, and breaks it in two as if it were a stick. Elvira backs away as Sam grabs her around the neck with one hand and lifts her slowly off the ground. She slams Elvira back against the door like a rag doll.

244E EXT. ELVIRA'S FRONT PORCH - ANGLE ON ELVIRA'S DOOR - NIGHT 244E

As it SHAKES and RINGS with the concussions of Elvira's body hitting it from the other side. The BANGING GROWS FASTER and STRONGER. We hear the old LADY'S SQUAWKS and see the door jumping on its hinges. Finally, with one cataclysmic WHAM the DOOR SHATTERS, and the head and shoulders of Elvira are thrust through, jammed on the splinters. CAMERA CRANES UP WIDE ON the front of Elvira's house.

245 INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 245

CAMERA RISES FROM FLOOR LEVEL until revealing Paul on his bed. Paul is covered with sweat, tossing in his sleep. CAMERA MOVES IN ON his face. O.S. there is a single THUMP, as if a... basketball had struck the floor once. Paul's eyes open. He sits up. Looks out of the corner of his eyes.

245A HIS POV 245A

We barely glimpse the basketball skitter across a gap between the door and the foot of the bed. It disappears OUT of SIGHT.

245B PAUL 245B

sits up straighter, the color draining from his face.

245C ANGLE BACK ON FOOT OF BED 245C

as something moves up over the edge of his bed at its foot -- <u>under his covers</u>. It begins moving towards him under the covers. Up from the base of the bed towards the edge of the covers near Paul's pillow. There it stops. Paul presses back against the headboard, frightened. The shape holds still. Despite his fear, Paul is compelled to find out what it might be. He presses the covers all around it. It's round as a ball, all right. But it's also oddly shaped. Bumpy. Paul whips off the cover -- and Harry's head lurches forward into his lap -- his eyes wide and laughing -- his ruined mouth open and lipless -- belching steam and curses -- teeth snapping like castinettes.

246 CLOSE ANGLE ON PAUL 246

lurching upright in his bed -- on his feet -- kicking at the covers until they're completely off his bed. There's nothing there. Absolutely nothing. He sinks back on the bed in a heap. Then leaps out and starts pulling on his Levi's. *

247 thru 249 OMITTED 247 thru 249

250 INT. CONWAY KITCHEN - NIGHT 250

A refrigerator door opens and floods the kitchen as Paul reaches for a carton of milk and pours himself a glass. He replaces the carton and begins to shut the door when suddenly Sam appears standing behind it. In horror the GLASS flies out of his hand and SHATTERS against the wall with a loud CRASH. Paul clutches his heart.

PAUL
Sam!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

250 CONTINUED: 250

PAUL (CONT'D)
(he is stunned)
How did you...? What are you doing here?

A hallway light flashes on.

JEANNIE (O.S.)
Who's down there?

Paul gulps as he hears his mother coming down the stairs. Spinning wildly, he searches for some place to hide Sam.

PAUL
(breathless)
It's just me, Mom. I had to eat something.

In a panic he hurriedly stashes Sam out on the back porch.

PAUL
(whispering)
Don't you move!

He jumps down to the floor and begins picking up the broken glass. Jeannie enters, groggy-eyed.

JEANNIE
What are you doing?

PAUL
I dropped a glass. I was starving.

JEANNIE
Well, what do you expect when you're sent to bed without dinner?

Paul lowers his head guiltily.

251 SAM'S FACE 251

presses against the glass, watching.

252 BACK TO SCENE 252

Paul sees her and tenses. Jeannie reaches for a paper towel.

JEANNIE
Here, let me help you clean up.

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED: 252

PAUL
(taking the towel from her)
No, that's all right. I can do it. Really. You go back to bed. I'm sorry for waking you.

SAM'S FOOT TAPS against the DOOR. Jeannie starts to turn toward Sam when Paul reaches up and gives her an unexpected kiss.

PAUL
I love you, Mom.

JEANNIE
Well, that was worth waking up for.
(tossles Paul's hair and turns to leave)
I love you, too, pumpkin.
(hugs him)
I'm sorry if I've been a little out of sorts. It's been hard on all of us.
(pause)
Okay, I'm going back up. Don't eat too much. It'll give you nightmares.

Paul smiles and nods. Jeannie looks up at him warmly and heads back upstairs. Paul backs against the stove, lets out a huge sigh, and then hurries to retrieve Sam.

253 OMITTED 253 *

254 INT. CONWAY ATTIC - NIGHT 254

The door in the attic floor opens as Paul leads Sam into the gabled space.

PAUL
Sam, you have to stay here now. There's nowhere else to put you.
(sits her down)
I don't want you to go anywhere, you understand?

There is no response.

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED: 254

PAUL
I'm gonna run downstairs and get you up some bedding.
(stops and stares at her with unexpected curiosity)
You still sleep, don't you?

Suddenly, red and white lights begin strobing through the window at the end of the attic. Paul jumps up to see what they are. Down below, in front of Elvira's house, he sees a group of police cars converging, their lights circling. Policemen are running to the house. Paul turns to look at Sam. The lights are flickering dimly across her face.

PAUL
Oh, God, Sam... *

255 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 255

Crowds of neighbors are gathering around the police cars in the center of the street. Jeannie and Paul hurry from their house to join them and see what is happening. Tom appears on his bicycle, a coat thrown over his pajamas. Jeannie sees him.

JEANNIE
Tom.

Tom nods. Jeannie approaches a crowd of people.

SPECTATOR
Old man Pringle and Mrs. Parker. * Both dead. His face was burned off.

PAUL
Elvira Parker? *

His eyes widen.

SPECTATOR
I heard someone say Elvira called the police. She said she saw Sam in her bedroom window.

There is a sudden CRASHING sound. Jeannie and others turn to see Tom lying on top of his bike. He seems to have fainted. Paul hurries over to him. Tom, dazed, pushes him away. He gets up quickly and steadies himself.

PAUL
You all right?

(CONTINUED)

255 CONTINUED: 255

Tom doesn't answer. He gives Paul a dirty look, jumps on his bike, and speeds off as fast as he can. He does not look back. Jeannie glances at the two boys.

256 OMITTED 256
& &
257 257

258 EXT. DOWNTOWN WELLING - DAY 258

It's a cold, windy day. Paul, in a winter coat, exits the Benjamin Franklin store on the square. Paul is walking down the street carrying his purchases in a brown paper bag.

259 INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - DAY 259

Paul's room is deceptively peaceful. Empty. Then CAMERA PANS TO the doorway leading to the attic. It pushes against its lock, hard. Then the lock gives. Sam steps out. She looks around the room, blinking in the light. Then she sees something, over by Paul's chest of drawers.

259A ANGLE AT CHEST OF DRAWERS 259A

as Sam ENTERS FRAME. She tilts her head, picks up the photograph there.

259B INSERT OF PICTURE IN HER HAND 259B

We see the smiling faces of Paul and Sam on each side of B.B., laughing, as they were in their sunshine days.

259C BACK ON SAM'S FACE - VERY CLOSE 259C

A tear falls from her eye. Her face clouds.

259D WIDER 259D

As she suddenly smashes her fist into the top of the chest, knocking off half of its memorabilia. The stuff clatters to the floor. A moment later we hear Jeannie call.

JEANNIE (O.S.)
Paul? Is that you?

Sam stiffens, head cocking.

260 OMITTED 260

261 INT. CONWAY LIVING ROOM - DAY 261

Jeannie, with a dishtowel in hand, walks toward the stairs. She begins to climb them when we hear a DOOR SLAM.

JEANNIE
Paul?

PAUL (O.S.)
Mom, I'm home.

Jeannie looks up.

262 INT. CONWAY KITCHEN - DAY 262

Paul puts the cleaning on the kitchen table and throws off his coat as Jeannie enters.

JEANNIE
There you are.
(shakes her head)
I would've swore I heard you up in your room.

Paul freezes, hiding it as best he can.

JEANNIE
You get the bread?

Paul looks at her as if he was simple-minded.

PAUL
Huh? Oh, the bread. Forgot that. Sorry.

He heads for the stairs, trying not to rush it. Jeannie just shakes her head again.

JEANNIE
Good thing his head's screwed on.

263 INT. PAUL'S ROOM - DAY 263

Paul enters his room to find Sam sitting on his bed, her back to him. He stares at her with a mixture of anger and surprise.

PAUL
What the hell is wrong with you? Don't you ever listen? What are you doing down here?

By this time he's crossed and comes in front of her. He stops then. She holds the picture. Her face is wet with tears.

(CONTINUED)

263 CONTINUED: 263

PAUL
Sam... I --

His mother's voice interrupts, calling up from downstairs.

JEANNIE (O.S.)
Paul? You'd better come down.

Paul twists around in annoyance.

PAUL
In a minute!

JEANNIE (O.S.)
Now.

Something about the way she says that brooks no delay.

PAUL
Okay. I'm coming!
(pointing at Sam)
Don't you move. I'll be right back.

263A INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 263A

Paul comes down the stairs and stops at the bottom. And if possible, he goes a shade lighter. Then he enters, and as we PAN WITH him, the policeman Volcheck is revealed. Jeannie and Paul are sitting on the couch. They seem tense and uncomfortable. Sergeant Volchek is hunched forward in a chair across from them.

VOLCHEK
We know it's incredible. But the fact is, Mrs. Parker reported seeing Sam wandering around in her old room. It's obvious someone was there, but I don't see how it could have been a young girl. The door was smashed from its hinges.

JEANNIE
How could anyone think it was Sam?

VOLCHEK
Maybe her brain wasn't dead. Maybe she just got up and walked out. Who the hell knows? We've got guys from upstate going over everything, prints, microscopic stuff. Maybe they'll come up with something.

(CONTINUED)

263A CONTINUED: 263A

He glances at Paul. Paul nervously looks away.

VOLCHEK
But the reason I'm here... maybe you already guessed it.
(pauses)
She was a friend of yours. I don't want to alarm you, but there's always the possibility... If you see or hear anything, we need you to keep us informed.

Before Paul can answer, the TELEPHONE RINGS. Paul jumps up, eager for the chance to get the hell out of Volchek's scrutiny.

PAUL
I've got it!

264 INT. CONWAY KITCHEN - NIGHT 264

Paul grabs the phone.

PAUL
Hello.

TOM (V.O.)
Paul, it's me, Tom.

PAUL
(surprised)
Tom? Hi.

TOM (V.O.)
(heavy)
I gotta talk to you. I'm gonna tell, Paul. I can't keep it a secret anymore. I can't. It's eating me up alive.
(another pause)
She's killing people.

JEANNIE
(calling from the living room)
Who is it, Paul?

PAUL
(covers the receiver)
It's for me, Mom.

He is pale white.

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED: 264

PAUL
Look, we have to talk. Not on the phone.

TOM (V.O.)
There's nothing else to talk about.

PAUL
Tom, please. Listen, it's not just me. You're in deep shit, too.

TOM (V.O.)
I know. I know.

PAUL
And I'll tell 'em everything. The electricity, your dad's keys.

TOM (V.O.)
I don't care what you do.

PAUL
(desperate)
Tom, come on. Don't do this. What's happening is too important. She's alive. Really alive. It's a miracle. You have to see.

TOM (V.O.)
A miracle?

PAUL
Please, Tom. Give me a chance to explain. Just half an hour.

There is no answer.

PAUL
For our friendship. Understand?

He looks up to see Volchek heading for him. He quickly hangs up. Volchek's eyes seem to go right through him.

VOLCHEK
I've got to be going. Remember what I said, okay?

Paul swallows.

PAUL
Right.

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED: (2) 264

VOLCHEK
You doing okay?

PAUL
Great. Just fine.

Volchek nods, nods again to Jeannie and heads for the kitchen door. Jeannie goes with him to open the door. An instant later Paul hears another SOUND from upstairs.

PAUL
Jesus!

264A INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 264A

Paul dashes into his room. Sam is nowhere to be seen. For a moment he panics and then he hears SOMETHING in the attic. He realizes it is Sam and sighs with relief. He pauses nervously for a few seconds and then thinks of something. He turns to a drawer and pulls something out.

265 INT. CONWAY ATTIC - NIGHT 265

The door in the attic floor rises quickly as Paul emerges in the dark space. Sam is sitting obediently in a corner. He sits down beside her holding something behind his back. After a moment, he speaks.

PAUL
We may have to run away, Sam. I don't know how or where we'd go. But we gotta be ready.
(pause)
It's Tom. He has no sense of what you are, what you mean to the world. I'm gonna try and talk to him, but if it doesn't work, we have to be ready to move fast.

Sam's mouth begins to move. A word starts to form, but doesn't come out. She seems pained by her repeated failure to speak and turns away.

PAUL
It's okay. Don't be afraid. Everything'll be okay. I'll take care of you. I promise.
(reaching behind him)
I brought something for you. Something special.

He holds his gift out to her. It is Chister, Sam's stuffed dog. Sam stares at the animal for a long time. Then suddenly, the recognition dawns. We see it on her face. Unexpectedly, tears form in her eyes. She reaches out slowly and takes hold of it. Sam holds the dog tenderly, stroking its long tail. Then, to Paul's surprise, she lies down on the floor and curls up with it. Paul smiles and quietly lies down beside her. He strokes her hair.

PAUL
You know what? I have this feeling. I almost don't want to say it. I think your brain is going to bring <u>everything</u> back.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

265 CONTINUED: 265

PAUL (CONT'D)
I mean that. Your memories, your laugh. You. It's so incredible. Our brains are so vast. I wrote a paper when I was eleven explaining how computers could affect the brain, release these powers. People patted my head! You know how they do. But you're living proof, Sam. It's so exciting. I never expected... I hoped... but I never expected...

Suddenly, speechless, he just gazes at her with overwhelming love and affection.

266 EXT. TOM'S FRONT PORCH - CLOSEUP - TOM - DAY 266

He seems worn and deeply upset. Paul is sitting with him.

TOM
People are talking. They're gonna find out. They're gonna get us.
(takes a breath)
I go to church. We're a church-going family. I can't live with what I've done. We created a monster.

PAUL
She's no monster.

TOM
What is she then?

PAUL
She's alive. She's walking. You have to see her, Tom.

TOM
I don't need to do anything.

PAUL
Come on. Just take one look. If that doesn't change your mind, then do what you want. But give it this one chance.

Tom stares silently at Paul and then nods his head.

267 INT. JEANNIE'S OFFICE - JEANNIE - LATE AFTERNOON 267

Typing at her desk as Dr. Johanson comes in. He walks straight over to her.

(CONTINUED)

267 CONTINUED: 267

JEANNIE
Dr. Johanson?

DR. JOHANSON
Just checking in. I wanted to see how Paul was doing.

JEANNIE
What do you mean?

DR. JOHANSON
I haven't seen him in a week.

JEANNIE
A week?

DR. JOHANSON
I figured he must be sick.

JEANNIE
Sick? He's been here every day. I drove him this morning.

Dr. Johanson looks at her, surprised. Jeannie stares at him.

268 OMITTED 268 *

269 INT. CONWAY HOUSE SECOND FLOOR - PAUL'S ROOM - NIGHT 269

Tom follows after Paul, topping the stairs, entering Paul's room, moving to the attic door. Tom watches Paul start to unlock the big padlock on the door and we can almost see his fear take a quantum jump.

TOM
What do you need a lock for?

PAUL
(looks away)
Just come and say hello.

He opens the door and goes up. Tom takes a long moment before he can force himself to follow.

269A INT. ATTIC - NIGHT 269A

Paul climbs into the attic and stops, looking back. Tom's head very reluctantly appears, peering into the darkness. Then something moves back there in the dark.

A269B TOM'S POV A269B

As Sam darts across the light of the window, a shadowy figure with white face and wide eyes, staring intently at the intruder.

B269B ON TOM B269B

Petrified, thoroughly spooked.

TOM
Oh, shit!

PAUL
Come on, you two know each other.

Sam advances, and a DEEP GURGLE emits from her throat. Tom's had it.

TOM
No way!

He barrels back down the stairs, Paul in rapid pursuit.

269B INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM AND UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT 269B *

PAUL
Tom! Come on!

TOM
I can't.

PAUL
Whataya mean?

TOM
It's sick! The whole damn thing is sick!

PAUL
Sick? It's an incredible experiment.

TOM
Who do you think you are anyway? God? What gives you the right to play with life like this? Does being some kind of a genius give you that right? Not in my book. In my book you're a goddamn freak.

He turns and bolts back down the stairs. Paul runs after him.

270 INT. CONWAY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 270

PAUL
Tom -- please.

TOM
(yelling)
No way. I'm calling the cops.

He grabs for his coat. Paul yanks it away.

PAUL
Damn you, Tom, you said you'd give it a chance.

Tom turns and heads for the door. Paul grabs him by the shoulder. Tom, furious, spins around and knocks Paul to the ground. They begin to fight. It is a wild, no-holds-barred, boyhood skirmish, full of fists, kicks, bites, and scratches. It's the wildest we've ever seen Paul. He's literally possessed by his desperation.

PAUL
You son of a bitch!

TOM
You bastard!

Paul hauls off and punches him square in the nose. Tom collapses to the floor, crying and clutching his face in pain. Blood spurts out between his fingers. Paul stops, shocked.

PAUL
Oh, jeez, Tom -- I'm sorry.

He bends down to his friend.

271 EXT. CONWAY HOUSE - NIGHT 271

Jeannie's van pulls rapidly into the driveway. It is already dark. The MOTOR is BARELY OFF when she jumps out and runs to the front door.

272 OMITTED 272 *

273 PAUL 273

In the middle of the living room floor, hovering over Tom. Blood covers them both. Paul stares up at his mother in silent horror.

(CONTINUED)

273 CONTINUED: 273

PAUL
(in near tears)
He's okay, he's okay.

JEANNIE
Oh my God.

Jeannie hurries toward them.

JEANNIE
(shocked)
What's going on here? What happened?

Paul tries to answer, but can't. Jeannie stares at him with mounting concern and then reaches out to Tom. Suddenly Tom jumps up.

TOM
Don't touch me. You got a crazy man for a son. I'm calling the cops.

And with that he slams out the door. Jeannie turns and looks furiously at her son.

JEANNIE
What's going on here?

We can see Paul wanting to explain, but unable to find the words. Suddenly, Jeannie explodes, shaking Paul and yelling.

JEANNIE
What did you do?

PAUL
I didn't... I didn't... Stop, Momma. Stop!

Suddenly, Paul's face turns ghostly white as he raises his arms, screaming.

PAUL
No!!!!!!!!!!!

274 SAM 274

Streaking across the living room.

275 BACK TO SCENE 275

Jeannie spins around to look and is too amazed and horrified even to scream.

(CONTINUED)

275 CONTINUED: 275

Paul leaps up and flies into Sam, knocking her from her path. She recoils instantly and screeches into another attack.

PAUL
Sam!!!!!!!!!!

Jeannie, nearly breathless with fear, backs against the wall. Sam charges after her.

PAUL
(yelling)
No, Sam, no. Don't hurt her.
She's my mother.

Jeannie holds up her hands to ward off Sam's attack. Suddenly, Sam stops and stares at Jeannie with a kind of recognition.

276 SAM'S POV 276

Jeannie's face appears normal.

277 SAM 277

studies her closely as if trying to understand something.

278 SAM'S POV - JEANNIE 278

Then suddenly, Jeannie's image explodes into a rush of wild, unstable colors. A chaos of intersecting imagery erupts before us.

279 BACK TO SCENE 279

Sam seems frightened and confused. She pulls back. Paul grabs hold of her. Frightened SOUNDS GURGLE from Sam's throat as she struggles with Paul. They enter a strange embrace, loving and deadly. He tries desperately to subdue her.

PAUL
(struggling to speak)
Sam, please.

Sam's mouth begins to move. It is as if she is fighting heaven and hell to speak. Suddenly, the words come. Paul freezes as he hears them.

SAM
(barely audible)
Help me.

It is the frightened plea of a young girl. The words shock Paul. Her eyes blaze out at him in terror and desperation.

(CONTINUED)

279 CONTINUED: 279

Suddenly, however, as though against her will, her body tenses, her eyes go blank, and her young voice is replaced by B.B.'s mechanical monotone.

SAM
(loud and insistent)
Bee bee. Bee bee. Bee bee.

Paul backs away, stunned. A look of terror and fear flashes across his face as he comprehends for the first time the creature he has made. He cries out in pain. Jeannie watches, horrified and astonished.

PAUL
Sam.

He reaches out to her. Suddenly, Sam's hands fly at him in wild fear. She jumps up. Paul tries to grab her, but she lunges toward the back door and charges into the cold December air.

PAUL
Sam! No! Stop!

Paul starts after her. Jeannie lurches for his arm.

JEANNIE
Paul!

Jeannie grabs hold of her son and clutches him to her with all her might. There is a wild, crazed look in her eyes as she tries desperately to make some sense of what is happening.

JEANNIE
Oh, Paul! Paul!

But Paul's desperation is greater. He gives a muffled grunt of an explanation.

PAUL
Got to!

Then he breaks free and rushes out the door.

280 thru 282 OMITTED 280 thru 282

283 EXT. CONWAY FRONT YARD - NIGHT 283 *

Paul, in shirtsleeves, dashing wildly toward the street. It is dark. Sam is nowhere to be seen.

284 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 284 *

Paul speeds toward the alley. Far in the distance he sees something moving, a tiny blur. He begins to run. The CAMERA TRACKS BEHIND Paul as he charges ahead, panting. IN the DISTANCE we hear the sound of SIRENS.

PAUL
Sam!

285 EXT. CONWAY DRIVEWAY - NIGHT 285 *

Volchek's car shoots into the driveway. Jeannie charges from the house. Volchek jumps out quickly to meet her. We can see her talking rapidly, her arms waving nervously as she speaks.

286 EXT. WELLING STREET - POV SHOT - NIGHT 286 *

A single bright light speeds through the dark night. We hear the sound of an ENGINE. Suddenly, materializing before us, we see Paul running. The POV SHOT nearly collides with him. A MOTORCYCLE BRAKES to a halt. Carl Denton jumps off. He runs after Paul and grabs him by the collar.

CARL
I can't believe the luck.

PAUL
Let go! I gotta find...!

CARL
No way. I waited too long for this.

He hauls off and hits Paul a stinging blow, doubling him over, and laughing at the effect.

CARL
Where's your little friend now, huh, shitface?

He hits Paul again. This blow seems to break something deep inside him. Despite the difference in size and age, Paul gets a look of enormous fury in his eyes. He clenches his teeth and charges like a lion. Unleashing a fury that stuns Carl, Paul lands a series of powerful blows, driving Carl back against his bike. Then Carl summons up all of his spite and retaliates. The law of physics takes over. Carl pummels Paul mercilessly, a savage series of punches and kicks, ending in a blow to the side of the head that flattens him. Carl towers over Paul, kicking him in the ribs and screaming.

CARL
Where's your little friend now, huh, turd?

(CONTINUED)

286 CONTINUED: 286

Paul rolls over, his face bloodied, but his spirit on fire.

PAUL
Fuck you!

Carl is astonished to hear this from Paul, from the studious, quiet genius.

CARL
Oh, yeah?

He hauls off, and is about to plant a killing kick into Paul's body, when he freezes. His eyes stare into the dark as all the color drains from his face.

CARL
What?

287 SAM 287

Emerging from the shadows -- straight for Carl. She moves like a powerful automaton.

CARL
(scared stiff)
Sam...?

288 CARL 288

In a heat-sensing image, as if from B.B.'s POV. It is obvious that B.B.'s brain is aware of an old adversary.

CARL
(faking cool)
Hey, girl...

289 SAM 289

A look of fierce hatred on her face. Suddenly, her arm extends, like B.B.'s, and grabs Carl between the legs. He yells as Sam's other hand yanks him by the throat and lifts him into the air.

SAM
Bee bee. Bee bee. Bee bee.

290 CLOSEUP - CARL'S EYES 290

Frozen in absolute terror as Sam hoists him over her head. He thrashes desperately to free himself, but she does not let go.

PAUL
Sam, no!

291 BACK TO SCENE 291

A sudden SCREECH of BRAKES startles Sam. She looks up to see a police car slamming to a halt. Volchek jumps out. Jeannie follows. She spins around. In sudden panic, she hurls Carl's body, crashing against his motorcycle and takes off running. Paul charges after her. Sergeant Volchek rushes toward Carl and freezes. He holds up his hand for Jeannie to stay back. Paul dashes after Sam. They run wildly down the street.

PAUL
Sam. Stop. Please.

292 SAM'S POV 292

As she glances back. A heat-sensing image of Paul INTERCUTS confusingly with her human sight. It is an unstable, chaotic vision. At one moment, Paul appears to be a friend trying to help her, and the next, he looks like an electronic creature pursuing her down the street.

292A EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT 292A

Sam bursts out of an alley, streaks across a sidewalk and straight into the street. A CAR streaks by her, its HORN BLARING. The girl wheels around, eyes blinded by the glare of headlights, the SCREECH of BRAKES and HORNS.

292B SAM'S POV 292B

The lights and sounds are overwhelming.

292C BACK TO SCENE 292C

Paul races out of the alley, seeing her.

PAUL
Sam!

Next second, Volchek's car rockets around a corner, SIREN WAILING, a cloud of burned rubber and glare of rack lights slamming into the girl's senses. Sam turns and leaps like a panicked deer across the hood of a car, streaks past the startled Volchek before he can even react -- leaps a hedge and races out of sight towards the residential street.

VOLCHEK
Jesus -- keep away from her -- she's dangerous!

PAUL
She's just scared!

(CONTINUED)

292C CONTINUED: 292C

VOLCHEK
Tell that to that kid back in the alley --
(tracing her escape route)
She's doubling back. Like an animal. Get in!

Paul looks at the man, then turns and races after the girl. Volchek swears and leaps back into his car.

293 EXT. PAUL'S STREET AND HOUSE - NIGHT 293

Paul races across the street and into his backyard. Playing a hunch. He's pursued by Volchek's SIREN, DRAWING NEARER each second.

293A EXT. PAUL'S BACKYARD AND SHED - NIGHT 293A

Paul jogs to a stop, his breath coming in rasps. He looks into the shed.

PAUL
Sam?

293B INT. TOOL SHED - NIGHT 293B

Paul enters. Sam is there, crouched in her old nest. Paul holds out his hand. Pleading.

PAUL
Listen to me. Sam. We'll get help. We'll go to Dr. Johanson.

The girl gets up, frightened. Edging towards the door.

PAUL
He can help us. Sam, please! Stop. I love you.

To Paul's surprise, Sam stops, turns and stares at him.

294 SAM'S VISION OF PAUL 294

The image has stabilized. Paul appears warm and human once more. Slowly, cautiously, he approaches her. She does not move.

295 BACK TO SCENE 295

A silence envelopes them like a moment out of time. Paul takes hold of Sam's hands and presses them to his chest. She stands quietly and does not back away.

(CONTINUED)

295 CONTINUED: 295

For an instant, Paul sees her as she used to be, the vibrant young girl he fell in love with only months before. Her mouth moves. She is trying to speak, but nothing comes out. Suddenly, the silence is broken.

VOLCHEK (O.S.)
Paul! Get away from her, Paul!

Paul spins around. Volchek is standing there in the yard, his revolver drawn. Sam, quick as a cat, darts through the doorway into the main garage. Volchek FIRES into the air. Paul screams --

PAUL
No! She doesn't understand.

295A EXT. PAUL'S YARD - DRIVE BETWEEN HOUSES - NIGHT 295A

Sam bursts from out of the main garage doors and streaks for the street as Volchek races for her. Next second, Sam is flooded with blinding light. All the police cars Volchek could muster are crammed into the drive and street out front, and their lights are an insane blare of photons and noise.

VOLCHEK
Freeze!

Sam freezes, trapped. Desperate, Paul runs toward Volchek and tries to grab his gun. Sam, halfway down the drive, looks back and sees Volchek push Paul hard -- sees her friend slam into the garage doors and go down. Sam bridles, enraged.

VOLCHEK
Don't move, Sam.

Sam's vision zeros in on the gun and then moves over to Paul. Their eyes meet. Suddenly, an enormous cry bursts from her mouth, as if from the depths of her soul.

SAM
Paul!!!!

At that instant, she begins running toward them. It is a wild, accelerating, maniacal run.

PAUL
Sam. No!

Paul jumps in front of the gun. Volchek swipes at him and knocks him back down.

296 VOLCHEK 296

As Sam approaches. Her face is increasingly unhuman. She closes in on him.

VOLCHEK
Stop!

She does not stop, but hurls herself directly at him. Volchek's face tightens. Sam lunges, her powerful fingers grabbing for his neck. Volchek's eyes widen. Suddenly, a SHOT EXPLODES and ECHOES through the street.

297 SAM 297

As a bullet tears through her. Her body shoots into the air and falls inches from Paul. Paul, hysterical, grabs hold of her, crying.

PAUL
No! Sam. Sam.

He drops down beside her and lifts her to his lap. She looks up at him, wide-eyed.

SAM
(weakly)
Paul.

Her eyes close. Instantly, Sam's body goes limp and drops lifeless in Paul's arms.

PAUL
Sam.

Jeannie reaches down to her son, but he holds her at bay. He rocks back and forth with Sam, tears pouring down his face. After a moment, Volchek approaches.

PAUL
(with great strength)
Stay away from her!

Volchek does not listen. He reaches down to Sam. Jeannie, crying, steps in his way.

JEANNIE
No. Don't.

There is enormous authority in her voice and Volchek backs away. Paul holds Sam close to his heart.

298 JEANNIE 298

Crying as she watches her son. A house light shines brightly in the dark night. Paul and Sam seem absorbed by its glow. CAMERA CRANES UP and BACK, REVEALING both houses.

299 INT. COUNTY MORGUE - NIGHT 299

The police cars' lights fade into the insistent greenish tint of fluorescent light. Dr. Johanson and the COUNTY CORONER, in a white lab smock, are in a sterile room lined with refrigeration lockers. Sam's corpse is on a stretcher. The Coroner lowers a sheet over her face.

CORONER
We'll do a post mortem at 7:00 A.M. Do you want to be here?

JOHANSON
I'll be here.

CORONER
This should be interesting. One for the books.

Johanson nods, an expression of deep sadness in his eyes. The Coroner rolls the stretcher into one of the storage lockers. The METAL DOOR CLANGS shut. The two men walk toward the door. The Coroner flicks off the light and steps into the hall. He closes the door behind him. The CAMERA HOLDS ON the door as we hear the MEN WALKING down a corridor. Their FOOTSTEPS FADE. A DOOR can be heard CLOSING as they exit. The CAMERA DOES NOT MOVE. Suddenly, a light flashes on inside the storage area and spills from beneath the door.

300 INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 300

Paul bolts up in bed. The CAMERA HOLDS ON his frightened face.

PAUL
Who's there?

No answer. He flops back down, covered with sweat. Then feeling something. Something on the bed. He sits back up and feels around. And finally picks up the floppy little dog that was Sam's treasure. Chister. Paul looks around, breathless. Then freezes.

301 PAUL'S POV - BEDROOM DOOR 301

Darkness out there. Deep, welling darkness. And then some faint movement. And then a figure steps from full darkness into intermediate shadow. Framed in his bedroom door, she stops. A figure with long, blonde hair, * a pale, exquisite face. Bright eyes. And a mouth transforming into the first faint trace of a smile.

FADE OUT.

THE END